THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirofjamesdev00deve

A

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES DE VEAUX,

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW-YORK.

BY ROBERT W. GIBBES, M. D.

OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

COR. MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON; OF THE N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

"With gentle manners, and a grateful heart
And all the genius of the graphic art."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FAMILY.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

J. C. MORGAN'S LETTER PRESS PRINT.

1846

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES

ND
237
D496.3

TO CHARLES FRASER, ESQ.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

My Dear Sir:—In giving to the public this tribute of friendship to a son of your native city, I would do injustice to my feelings, were I to omit inscribing it to you.

South Carolina, the mother of your distinguished friend, the illustrious ALLSTON, has reason to be proud of the names she has furnished to Art, and yours has ever been prominent in its history in the United States. The accomplishments of the scholar, the fine taste of the artist, and the successful versatility of your pencil, require this testimony of respect and esteem from

Yours, sincerely,

ROBERT W. GIBBES.

MEMOIR.

It is a pleasant but mournful privilege of friendship, to record the character and accomplishments of the departed, and an impulse often arises to prompt us to that sacred duty. When the object of our attachment has been conspicuous for genius or talent, and its nurture and development been productive of valuable results, it is incumbent on those who have watched its progress to preserve for friends the memorials of his life. In preparing and publishing the following feeble tribute of respect to a much valued friend, it may perhaps be considered that the circumscribed sphere of action of the lamented De Veaux, and his comparatively unknown merits, might have saved the task; but for these very reasons have I been actuated to endeavour to preserve the features of his existence. As in the natural world the history and phenomena of a brilliant meteor, however evanescent, in a distant locality are received with satisfaction among scientific men, so no doubt there will be some interested in art

and in genius, who will find gratification in perusing this sketch of the personal attributes of James De Veaux. It is true he was but little known out of his own State, but the later years of his short career had given him some claims to be ranked among her most gifted sons, for the efforts of his pencil. Few young men ever had more or warmer friends, and there are many who recall with affectionate regard and respect their acquaintance of but short duration. He was worthy of their esteem.

James De Veaux was born in the city of Charleston, S. C., Sept. 12th, 1812. His father was the mate of a schooner trading to the West Indies, and was the son of a Captain De Veaux, a revolutionary officer at the siege of Savannah.* He was killed by pirates in 1822. In childhood James had but few opportunities and received the rudiments of an English education at a free school, kept on the Lancasterian system. His worthy mother, whose five children were early deprived of their principal support, having them dependant on her personal labour, could not afford that he should remain at school, and at the age of thirteen he was placed as a clerk in the book-store of Edwin Gibbes. Here he remained several years

* Captain De Veaux was a Frenchman, and had a commission in the American army. After the revolution he was connected with the Lazaretto, on Morris's Island, and with Fort Johnson, in Charleston harbour, where he died in the service of the United States. He was a tall man, of dark, swarthy complexion, and a fine looking officer. This information is derived from a gentleman now living, who knew him well.

discharging the drudgery of a shop boy, but attracting the notice of visitors by his quickness in attendance and good humor and propriety of behaviour. He was fond of books, and employed his intervals of business in reading biography and works of fiction,—among the latter he took great pleasure in Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress.*" He always kept a copy by him, and was fond of speaking of its character and composition. On an occasion when he wished to present to a lady, who had been kind to him, some volume of remembrance, he chose a beautifully bound copy of this work, as the most interesting book he could find.

With the boys of his age he was always a pleasing companion from his sprightly disposition and fondness for fun, and the exercise of a remarkable talent for good natured mimickry. His perception of the ludicrous was acute in a remarkable degree. His imagination was vivid, and his amusing sketches of men and things with his boyish pencil first attracted the notice of that genius which exhibited itself so prominently in maturer years.

The late Wm. Hasell Gibbes observed with a lively feeling the indications of a talent for drawing in the young clerk, and the late Major A. Garden took a similar interest in him, and encouraged him to new efforts by carrying to the store drawings and engravings for his use in copying. Among the earli-

est of his pencil sketches is a truthful likeness of the venerable Major now in my possession.

Mr. Gibbes forwarded to his connection and friend, the eminent Washington Allston, a sketch of "*Joseph and his Brethren*," for an opinion as to its merits. He expressed much satisfaction with it, and earnestly advised the education of the youth who had given such an indication of genius for Art. Upon this, Mr. G. applied to Allston to take him as a pupil, but, as he was not in the habit of receiving students, he advised that he should be placed with Mr. Harding, then in Washington, or sent to Philadelphia.

The earliest notice I have of him, in the letters of my late father, is one of March, 1829, where he says,—

"It will gratify you and your brother to learn that I am using my most strenuous efforts to raise a subscription among my friends for *James De Veaux*, either to go to Washington, to a particular friend of Washington Allston's, an artist of very high character, for instruction and qualification as such, or to place him under the direction of Mr. Bowman, also a painter of reputation, who is taking portraits next door to us, and has taken a great prepossession in favor of the poor boy. I have collected two hundred dollars for him, but must strive to get more. He improves daily and is delighted and grateful for what we are doing for him."

Some small addition to this amount was made, but Mr. G. and the Rev. Allston Gibbes added what was needed, and he was soon after sent to Philadelphia. Before he left Charleston, he painted in oil several likenesses, cabinet size, among which were worthy of notice, Major Garden, Wm. Hasell Gibbes and Charles E. Rowand, Esq.

In Philadelphia, he remained some time under the instruction of John R. Smith, the veteran teacher of drawing, and was highly esteemed by him for his aptness and rapid improvement with the pencil. He became a private pupil of INMAN, and enjoyed also the kind advice and assistance of SULLY. From these distinguished artists he derived his first knowledge of *colour*. While with Mr. Inman he improved very much, and his early pictures show the faithfulness of study of his style; they are much after the manner of his preceptor.

His pleasing manners, intelligence and love of his art, made him friends among all the artists, and his progress was much facilitated by opportunities of seeing them work, as well as by enjoying the privilege of drawing and sketching "in umber and white," in the Gallery of Sculpture of the Academy of Fine Arts. Here he remained until the fall of 1832, enjoying the friendship and instruction of the distinguished artists above named. At this time at the age of twenty, I induced him to commence his public career as a por-

trait painter, in Columbia, S. C., where at the moderate charge of thirty dollars, he was successful in procuring full employment, and in giving satisfaction to most of his patrons. During the session of the Convention for Nullification, soon after his arrival in November, he had among his sitters, the Hon. Geo. McDuffie, Hon. Henry Deas, Dr. Thos. Cooper, F. W. Pickens, Esq., Gen. J. B. Earle, Hon. W. D. Martin and other distinguished men, whose portraits are still valued as correct likenesses. He painted during the year following, about thirty portraits, when his increasing reputation enabled him to advance to forty dollars, and the year after he received fifty dollars. With the exception of a short visit to the neighbouring town of Camden, where he was kindly received and liberally patronized, he continued at Columbia until the fall of 1835, when he made an unsuccessful visit to his native city Charleston. "A prophet is without honour in his own country." He remained the winter here, and painted a fine portrait of the late Dr. Wm. Read, one of Rev. Wm. Capers, Dr. Philip G. Prioleau, Dr. Thomas G. Prioleau, W. Ogilby, Esq., R. Barnwell Smith, Esq., and a few others, but artists with less merit and no claims on the community, were more successful, and he returned soon after to Columbia. In Charleston he enjoyed the friendship and kind consideration of the gifted and highly accomplished Fraser, of whose talents and

acquirements he had a very high estimate, and the worthy and distinguished White, took much concern for his welfare. De Veaux appreciated much the generous interest of those of his own profession, and was studiously cautious to avoid giving cause of offence to them. If at any time he did so by pleasantry of remark about their works, his keen perception of the ludicrous was the cause of much mirth, but never was he known intentionally to say or do what would give a moment's pain to another. He seemed to have in mind the remark of Reynolds, "that it was impossible for two painters in the same line of art to live in friendship,"—hence he was anxious always to avoid any cause of difference with his brethren. On one occasion he was invited to a neighbourhood to paint two portraits with a prospect of others—on his arrival there, he learned that another artist had received a similar invitation, and was expected in a few weeks. He painted those he was engaged for, and though his success with them would have given him possession of the field, he refused all others and returned to Columbia, that he might not interfere with the hopes of the other. It happened somewhat strangely that on his return to my house, which was his home, he found a letter from this same artist, who was out of funds, asking a loan to enable him to go to the neighbourhood De Veaux had just left. This was sent to him, and he went and enjoyed the generosity of his honourable rival. On another occasion he was invited

to Virginia to take several family portraits, which he did, and could have procured others, but he found a relation of the family residing in the town, who practised his art, and here again he declined additional orders, from the same high principle. Though in neither case was there any obligation, his noble nature was opposed to apparently taking an advantage of poverty and need, by his superior abilities.

It was always a source of bitter mortification and deeply depressing influence on his sensitive feelings, that he could not make "a local habitation and a name in his native city."

For a long time subsequently he gave way to feelings of great despondency, became spiritless and gloomy, and could not divest himself of the idea that he was doomed to failure in his profession. In fact he seriously requested me to look about for some other employment, in which he might earn a support for his family. He had an excitable temperament and a morbid sensibility, and while a little encouragement was a strong stimulus to his efforts, the slightest depressing effect instantly prostrated his exertions. It was painful to witness the deep suffering he underwent, when some fancied slight or ill-natured criticism of his works came to his sensitive ear. At times there was strong reason to fear that his fits of abstraction and gloom would end in a permanent darkness of his fine luminous intellect.

His gentlemanly propriety of manner, and his so-

cial qualities were such as to attach to him friends, wherever he would allow them to become so, but he had a humiliating sensitiveness of his humble origin and want of education, which made him reserved among strangers, and disposed to avoid society. Perhaps this disposition was increased in him by the fact, that nearly all his most intimate friends, and those who exhibited most interest for him, were men of education and high position in society. Among his patrons he numbered many of the distinguished citizens of South Carolina. With the few intimate friends of a small circle, he was a great favourite, and his company much appreciated. Among these he was most intimate with W. Hampton, jr., whose devoted friendship for him attracted the notice of his father, Col. W. Hampton. With a generous liberality towards one to whom his son was so attached, he enabled him to place at his disposal the means of visiting the collections of art in England, and the galleries of the Louvre. Overwhelmed with emotion at the unexpected and noble liberality of his friend, De Veaux's grateful feelings were excessive, and his delight at the prospect of the personal examination and study of the old masters of his art, excited him to an enthusiasm which gave buoyancy to his spirits, and sparkled in his conversation. Soon was this followed by the usual despondency, upon the reflection that he was too humble to be the recipient of such favor—that he never could

repay such kindness—that his previous education being defective he could never attain high excellence,—and it was only after long and frequent argument and earnest persuasion, that I induced him to accept the proffered golden opportunity.

While in Columbia, he worked with assiduity, though at times he would feel the want of the presence of artists with whom he could converse about the mechanical execution of his work, and receive the stimulus to exertion which their competition and *esprit de corps* would afford. Often he became weary of his steady employment, and yearned for the northern cities, where he could breathe an atmosphere of art in the collections of public institutions. Twice he made short visits to New-York and Philadelphia, to inspire fresh zeal among his old associates, and to see the works of our eminent countrymen. His earnings he freely contributed to the support of his mother and family, and his whole desire for money seemed to be on their account. His purse was always open to the needy, and while a dollar was left, the applicant for charity was never refused.

Feeling sensibly the wants of his own condition and that of his family, he had a heart to appreciate the necessities of others. I well remember, that when he received the first fruits of his pencil, and was in possession of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, he forwarded one hundred of it, to save from ruin a

young engraver in Philadelphia, who had married before he had means of support for a family, and become deeply involved in debt. An urgent appeal to De Veaux, to loan him what would save from the sheriff the few articles of furniture he had, and enable him to keep up his work, was immediately answered, and nearly the whole of his first receipts was sent to his relief. This noble generosity was illy requited by the recipient who subsequently became estranged from him by some fancied injury, which DE VEAUX's pride and self-respect prevented his noticing. How apt is this to be the case that evil is returned for good in this censorious and selfish world!

For several years he lacked confidence in his abilities, and great diffidence retarded his progress in his profession. His knowledge of the world had led him to observe the deference paid to wealth and to those who were supposed to have it, and a sensitive nature made him constantly suspicious that in his intercourse with society, he was in a position to which his poverty did not entitle him. His innate modesty could never be satisfied that talents and professional attainments gave him higher claims to consideration, than the accidental possession of property qualifications. Whilst he was influenced by these considerations, a still greater source of mournful regret was the want of a classical and collegiate education. How many reject by idleness and dissipation, opportunities that nature's gifted sons sigh for in vain!

Acute sensibility was specially characteristic of his nature, and a serious bar to his improvement. It was difficult for him to be satisfied with his work, and even when most so, the slightest criticism, though by unqualified persons, often caused him to destroy some of his best efforts. He was occasionally fretted into a feeling bordering on apathy, which it was difficult for his friends to remove. Until his first visit to Europe, he was habitually inclined to look more upon the dark shades of life, and seemed afraid to indulge in bright dreams of the future. The view of anticipated opportunities or prospective excellence, would always be stifled by desponding thoughts, which were constantly intruding on his imagination, to dispel the sunshine of hope with gloomy forebodings of disappointment. His dependant position on popular favour—the want of success in Charleston—his painful appreciation of obligations to others, all tended to throw obstacles in the way of his advancement. And, added to all these difficulties, the low state of art in our country, and the want of patronage of gifted spirits, decaying for the stimulus of support, were calculated to weaken rather more his efforts to attain high excellence. In Europe, Sir Joshua Reynolds died, leaving sixty thousand pounds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence accumulated wealth, though his generous liberality made him squander it. George III., gave Benjamin West an annual allowance of one thousand pounds for the sake of art, and Louis Phillippe has

another worthy American artist permanently employed in his service. Our country is highly honoured in having furnished to England and France her sons of genius, who are more appreciated there than in their own land! In the United States, who of our artists, from GILBERT STUART to the present day, has earned more than a bare support? And how many have failed to do that? Too often is want the accompaniment of merit here, where the fine arts are appreciated only on utilitarian principles, and paintings are valued for the beauty of their frames, or as a necessary relief to the monotony of a parlour wall.

In Charleston an effort was once made to establish an Academy of Fine Arts, and we find in history a complimentary notice of it,

——— "but e'en the spot
Where it once stood is now forgot."

In the life of the distinguished Sir Henry Raeburn,* one of his distinctions is, having been elected "a member of the Academy of Arts in South Carolina," "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

During the summer of 1836, De Veaux sailed for Europe, and it is a matter of deep regret that a package of his letters which was loaned to some friend

* The finest portrait which it has been my good fortune to see, was that of Dugald Stuart by Raeburn, since lost in the fire which destroyed some fine works in the Pennsylvania Academy. A fine copy by SULLY is in the St. Andrews Society's Hall in Charleston, a present from a worthy patron of art, Dr. P. Tidyman, of South Carolina.

has been lost or mislaid, as it deprives me of his first impressions abroad in his own language. An interesting communication from an intimate friend and brother artist who accompanied him, supplies the loss so well, that it is here copied, with kind acknowledgements to J. H. Mifflin, Esq. for the privilege.

"Columbia, Pa. Nov. 30, 1844.

My Dear Sir,—It was but a few days since I discovered accidentally that a letter for me was advertised in the list of those lying at the Post Office in Philadelphia, and it is but two days since your valued favour was received—forwarded to me at this place, where I now reside. I regret very much that I did not have it earlier, as I am sorry to lie thus long under the imputation of being indifferent to the subject of your communication. I have thought often with some degree of compunction of the silence and apparent apathy of my affection for and remembrance of De Veaux, that I had made no public testimony to his talents, nor record of my esteem. I attributed to you the obituary of him, and it was grateful to me to see so just and proper a tribute to one who so well deserved it, and whom I so much esteemed and loved. I am rejoiced that you are about to undertake something more worthy of him, issuing appropriately from you, and from his native State. I write you at once that I may correct my appearance of neglect of this

melancholy yet pleasing duty of recording my admiration of the virtues of our friend. I will crowd in my sheet at present, without much order, what will furnish an outline of the opportunity I had to judge of his occupation or pursuits at any particular time, and I will be happy hereafter to answer more minutely any questions to which my suggestions may give rise. Most of our correspondence was so entirely familiar and unconstrained, that the letters of our friend will not do justice to his talents for epistolary writing, nor to his poetical feeling as an artist;—in these, as in conversation with artists, I think I may say, there was in some degree the affectation of avoiding affectation,—he had seen so much of mock enthusiasm, and been so often disgusted with the cant phrases of students of painting, that he expressed much less than he felt admiration for the art, or for the works of art. It was not in his letters nor conversation that you could discover his feeling for the beauties of an artist, but in the avidity with which he returned again and again, as I have often seen him, to sit silent for hours, gazing at the works of Titian, Rubens and Vandyke. When introduced to strangers he was rather reserved—seemed never to wish to make new acquaintances, and the artist never shewed through his conversation. In fact I think he was morbidly sensitive at one time about his profession—it seemed to be

"His shame in crowds, his solitary pride."

I became acquainted with De Veaux when he first visited Philadelphia, and attended J. R. Smith's drawing school—and we were intimate from that time forward. It was during the spring, I believe, of 1830. I had there a room to paint in, and De Veaux frequently came to it; and we occasionally copied pictures together;—he had then practised a little in oil; I had not at all, and his presence was a great assistance to me. Sully lent us (as he always does liberally) sketches and heads—these were frequently copied by several of the artists' students, then at drawing school, De Veaux, M—— and myself. De Veaux, at that time, had seen no one but Osgood and Bowman paint in Charleston, and often spoke of them. This first year, while at drawing school, he painted a small portrait for me. He copied *in umber and white* from the plaister, in the statue gallery of the Philadelphia Academy but never copied any paintings there. He admired Sully very much—always did justice to the sweetness and grace of his female portraits; but Inman came to Philadelphia just at this time, and had a great *run*, after painting a portrait of Chief Justice Marshall, in which is a portrait of De Veaux's hand, (you will see it is not an old man's hand from the engraving). He painted Judge Rawle, and most of the Philadelphia Bar;—a picture of Penn for the Historical Society, &c; and DeVeaux became his pupil. While Inman and Childs were carrying on business, lithographing, &c. Albert Newsam (Childs's protegé) was there, and

De Veaux became interested in and well acquainted with him, (a deaf mute,)—he used to and could ever afterward talk rapidly with him upon his fingers. I recollect once, on De Veaux's return from Europe, Newsam meeting us at night, seeing De Veaux unexpectedly under a lamp at a corner, and the rapid conversation that their fingers and eyes kept up!—De Veaux, I think, was one of Inman's favorite pupils. De Veaux always spoke with familiar and kind regard of him personally, and with great admiration of his wonderful versatility of talent and facility of execution. He assisted Inman in copying King's Indian Gallery. This was while they were lithographing. At his commencement of painting with Inman, he painted another portrait—a head for me. At this time he was intimate with ———, an engraver, who had many sketches that he made at different times until he went to Europe, when their intimacy ceased. He was intimate with a family, McM——, for whom he painted two portraits, one of a young lady just married, very pretty. In the fall of 1834, after his return from a successful professional residence with you at Columbia, and a visit to Camden, (you well know of these, the dates, his success and improvement,) at his instance I accompanied him southward to Charleston. This summer and autumn were the last long visit he made to Philadelphia; at this time he painted two of your brothers, at my room in Arch street. We

went through Baltimore, and by steam boat thence to Charleston. I recollect his enthusiasm upon seeing Charleston rising above the water—he said it was like his idea of the approach to Venice. After this we corresponded very briskly, but I more frequently destroyed his letters. I was in Augusta, Ga. that winter and the next, and in the spring of 1836, while he was in Camden or Columbia, I was at Mobile. We appointed a meeting at New York to sail for Europe on the first of August. We met but a few days before the time, and sailed upon that day in the Orpheus, Capt. Beasley, and had a passage of twenty days to Liverpool. *Lieut. Wilkes*, of the Exploring Expedition, and Miss Martineau, were among our passengers. To you I may repeat that I think the reserve, and almost haughtiness of De Veaux's manner to strangers, was in great part a sensitiveness to his dependance and the usual poverty of our profession. His late familiar association with those (——— for instance,) who appreciated him as a man as well as an artist, but to whom money was an indifferent matter, tended to make him sensitive to this. I know that he long hesitated to accept the kindness of Col. W. H—— in furnishing means for the voyage, but always acknowledged the very handsome manner of his kindness. While I admit to you that he sometimes gave way to prejudice, perhaps too hastily conceived, I must speak of the firmness of his friend-

ships, the warmth of his affections, and the lasting impressions which kindness made upon him;—if he was averse to incur obligation, he was not slow to acknowledge it, and he never forgot it. Of yourself and family, he always spoke with esteem, affection and gratitude.

He was fond of fun—of the burlesque—and with me familiar enough, but his manner was cold and dignified to strangers. I was highly amused with his account of an interview with a good old Liverpool merchant, Mr. Forde, upon whom he had a letter of credit from Col. H. "But," said Mr. F., "Col. H. does not limit your credit in this letter." "I did not expect he would, sir," or "certainly not, sir," was the calm reply of our dignified friend. He laughed when he told me this, and very heartily.

The high fertility and verdant freshness of English scenery delighted De Veaux: he was here too enthusiastic—I thought too partial to be a good patriotic yankee—I was jealous of the admiration he gave to the grand scale of every thing English—the Baronial castles, parks, &c. We visited together Chester, Eaton Hall near it, Knowsly Hall, the seat of the Earl of Derby, where we saw a fine collection of pictures, and a kind old house-keeper, who had been at Washington with some minister or consul, and who permitted us a long loiter in the gallery—shewed us the family portraits in a sitting room, where some of the

family were seated, &c. In Liverpool we saw (in the City Hall, I think,) portraits of Lawrencé, Phillips and Hoppner. De Veaux liked Hoppner best, and always continued very partial to his style. Here we saw the first elegant dignitary of a steward or showman round a public or opened house, and we were afraid to *offend* him by the offer of a half crown —we learned better afterward.

We went to Kenilworth Castle, Warwick and Warwick Castle, where we admired its town, its park, its cedars, the vase, and its *Rubens's*, and De Veaux often laughed at recounting the wonderful narrative of the porter who shews "Sir Guy's porridge pot," and "a rib of the dun cow," &c. &c. We went to Stratford upon Avon, and *the* room of course—where we inscribed our names. At the church and over the grave of Shakspeare, we were called upon for our subscription to a new monument, or repairs of that and the church, I forget which. De Veaux would always give, you know, not to say liberally—it was thoughtlessly, but money had no value with him—and we set down our mite of testimony to our own taste. Through Oxford we went to London. Here we first went to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square,—afterward to Newman street, Oxford street, and took lodgings over a Mr. Lloyd's, and near Jackson's painting room. He was then deceased, and his pictures yet some of them for sale—it was near all the artists.

We had a letter from Mr. Sully, introducing us to Mr. Leslie, upon whom we called,—but only once. Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, had given De Veaux a letter to Mr. Rogers, the poet, and this procured him the welcome of the house. I recollect he breakfasted with him one morning. Rogers's collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures was the most choice in England. He had the best,—few other pictures, but all gems,—one "*Head of Christ*" by Guido, bought at the sale of Benj. West, for one thousand guineas. We had liberty to copy *any thing*, and Mr. Rogers liberally and kindly offered De Veaux a room up stairs, where he could have any picture removed. *De Veaux painted none in London.* We were disappointed in finding such restrictions with regard to copying in the National Gallery,—nothing but water-colour sketches could be made, so we left for Paris in October or November, 1836. Having frequented all the exhibitions of art in London,—at the new gallery, Trafalgar Square, the water-colour paintings, old pictures, &c. &c., one morning after breakfast, we separated in Pall Mall, De Veaux went to one exhibition and I to another,—not far apart,—and I was mortified to learn what I had missed seeing; for though I saw the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland looking at paintings for an hour or two like those really interested,—it was not like sitting, as De Veaux had done, near by while Wellington and Wilkie

were talking of pictures. We made from London a little excursion to Richmond, Windsor Castle park and forest,—got a glimpse of William IV. riding by in his plain carriage, and we or our driver had a nod from his majesty.

De Veaux could not be said to have studied at all in England,—unless the memoranda he made in writing,—the careful looking *into* pictures, and an occasional pencil sketch on a card or in a note book could be called so. We had a plaster figure or so at our room, but he painted none at all,—though we visited pictures a great deal. He was disappointed in Reynolds, or rather the preservation in which he found his works, but was charmed with Hoppner, and liked him as a model for his style of portraiture,—particularly was he pleased with the portrait of an officer, a head at Greenwich, it being among four side by side, one Reynolds, one Stuart, and one Romney,—Reynolds had faded,—Romney was hard,—Stuart was like life, but Hoppner had the best subject and his was the best head. De Veaux studied it well.

He used to be while in Europe, depressed in spirits. He sate the picture of gloom,—could not be roused,—took no interest in objects of curiosity or amusement, with which all Paris abounded, and wished to return at once to America. This was in the winter of '36 and '37. He did not wish to go to Italy, if I could find any other company,—said he

would wait three months for me, and then in the spring or summer we would sail again from London. I made my tour through the principal cities of Italy in this limited time, and found De Veaux more cheerful on my return to Paris,—but at that time still intending to return with me. After going to London he wavered, and at the wharf or vessel, he declined to set down his name when I took a state-room. He had enjoyed the trip through Brussells and Antwerp highly,—Rubens delighted him in those cities.

He copied chiefly heads from Rubens and Vandyke in the Louvre, and did so with great facility, preserving a general and beautiful resemblance, only perhaps sometimes making the copy more effeminate as well as prettier than the original,—this he inclined always to do in his portraits. He disliked to see a homely portrait of an original. In the evening he drew at the Life-school in Crayon, and his drawings were among the most elegant of the number, fifty to seventy in the school. He painted but two or three portraits in Paris,—of myself, his French teacher and a friend. After the close of the Louvre to prepare for a modern exhibition, De Veaux and I hired an atelier and painted together, but he seemed to feel the value of drawing the human figure, and often attended the day Academy also.

He always spoke of Charleston with partiality and affection,—allied to his home feeling was an un-

bounded admiration of WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Upon our second visit to London, we had the good fortune to take lodgings (through the introduction of an artist friend,) in the very house where Sully and Allston had previously had rooms, sketches by Sully being in the house, and one or two elegant things by Allston, characteristic of his genius.

De Veaux could not be said to have read a great deal, but remembered the poetical parts of what he did read. He always had an edition of Shakspeare in his trunk. In Paris, I recollect particularly, his reading to me from Irving's description of Westminster Abby, a description which we could both appreciate for its correctness and beauty. As an artist, the fine study of action,—attitude, expression,—which the stage afforded, at one time, attracted him a good deal. Cooper he considered the model of an actor, and having seen him first in Charleston, tended to continue his partiality. I recollect his remarking to me, that he had seen Cooper stop in the street, and gaze up with apparent admiration at the symmetry of St. Michael's steeple in Charleston,—this was often present to his fancy, when we were ascending spires, some thousands of miles away.

De Veaux set little value on his copies after they were made, and would give them freely to any well deserving friend. I recollect an amusing fellow with whom we became acquainted at the Louvre, who

used to come to see us often. This fellow's name was Sharp;—he has an Irishman, had some humour, "a good eye for colour," but a most ludicrous lack of all perception of "form,"—consequently, though he *toned* a Titian browner than the original, there was little nature in his portrait from life. At the commencement of our acquaintance, Sharp was officiously attentive to De Veaux, got him to come round to his room to paint a head of a young man, that was going to sit to Sharp,—*so fine a study!* De Veaux went,—at this time he could not speak French, scarcely understood a word, though he afterwards became proficient. He wondered what excellence Sharp saw in the common place young man he was *studying*, but having begun, he finished; when Sharp begged the portrait of him, he admired the *study* so much!! De Veaux gave it of course, but afterwards heard indignantly that Sharp had *sold the portrait to his study!* It was a plan to get a portrait by De Veaux.

He made a copy of "*Titian's Mistress*" from the Louvre and of Correggio's "*Marriage of St. Catharine.*" In the spring of 1837, we went to Brussells, Antwerp and London, and at the latter place we parted. On his return from Europe, I went to New York to see him, and subsequently he came to Philadelphia to see me,—after this our correspondence declined, and did not continue during his last visit to Europe. I regret this exceedingly and blame myself

for it. I had received no notice of his declining health, until I saw his death announced in a Charleston paper. I had hoped for many happy hours in his society in my native town, at my own home. What you mention with regard to his feelings and expressions at the approach of death, gives me great satisfaction—the minutest particulars in relation to the latter part of his life, are very interesting to me.

Very respectfully and sincerely

Yours.

While in Paris, De Veaux painted a fine copy of "*Vandyke by himself*," which he presented to James H. Hammond, Esq.—a copy of "*Titian's Mistress*," purchased by Doctor Arrott of Philadelphia, and a copy of "*The Marriage of St. Catharine*," by Correggio. This was sold to the Hon. A. Stevenson, then our Minister to England. He carried it to London, where it was greatly admired, and WILKIE told Mr. Stevenson he considered it the best copy he had ever seen, of a picture frequently copied. It also attracted the notice of LANDSEER, who passed a high encomium on its merits.

He kept no journal during his residence in Paris, as he subsequently did in Rome, and a few pencil memoranda in a pocket note book are all that he made. From it the following extract shews that they were intended merely to recall observations.

"Oct. 11th. We reached Paris at 11 p. m. and put up at the hotel d'Lille et d'Albion rue St. Thomas des Linne. One fellow carried our two trunks, carpet bags and hat boxes on a fixture lashed to his back,—I had seen a porter drop in trying to lift one of them in Liverpool.

"Oct. 13. Made my first visit to the Louvre to-day—entrance—effect of the whole collection at once—listlessness of the visitors generally, extravagant affectation of others,—merits of the numerous copyists—took a walk in the Palais Royal shops,—statues—company—architecture—whole effect—table d'Hote—difference between the French and English taking their meals—terrace—urns with plants—children and nurses—loiterers—water in the centre,—Garden of the Tuilleries—walks thirty yards wide, ornamented with numerous finely executed statues—woody part about five hundred yards off—the effect of it—company Sunday afternoon—neat dress—beards—women—soldiers' size compared with the English—tomb of Maria Antoinette and Louise, plain and elegant—Napoleon's column—triumphal arch rich to excess, the work upon it correct and done in the most elaborate style. Garden of plants—birds—beasts and reptiles—embalmed crocodile—rhinoceros—skeleton of a whale."

"Brussells—Hotel de Ville—gorgeous old Dutch Church—interior—statue of dying soldier of last rev-

olution—Waterloo—monuments—relics bought from the old lady, who gave us "good bye" in English—next day to the museum—Prince of Orange's collection—Vandyke's four full lengths—Ruben's hunting piece and family group—made a few sketches from Vandyke and Rubens."

"21st. May. Arrived in Antwerp.—Cathedral—Citadel—St. Jacques;—Ruben's tomb, prepared by himself fifteen years before his death—a picture placed over it by him two years before he died—pictures by Vandyke in the same place—dead Christ—and two profiles on the same canvass. Cathedral five hundred English feet in height—went to the top, the mostgorgeous steeple in the world—saw Ireland in the distance."

Here he seems to have recorded his observations more particularly, where he was deeply impressed.

"At *St. Jacques*, the dead figure of Christ by Vandyke I prefer to all the other dead Christs I have ever seen—there is but little in it, but all perfect—the flesh, white drapery, solemn sky, are in most perfect harmony;—two heads by him in the same church in one canvass, profiles—I think two of his best. At Mount Calvary or Church of *St. Luke*, the "*Christ Scourged*," painted by Rubens, is my favorite—the figure of the Saviour is just as we expect to find it—enduring the whip without a murmer—the figure on the left is a little strained in posture, the

right leg, rather affectedly disposed; but one on the right with one foot braced against the leg of Christ, is bursting with hatred and throws his whole force into each blow—the colour is glowing. There are several others here by Rubens, very excellent.

"At the Church of *St. Andrē* a picture by Rubens of "The Flight into Egypt" is good—Christ between Joseph and his mother, who looks tenderly upon him —one of Rubens's prettiest female faces;—the three figures pleased me for their elegance, they are remarkably so for this master.

"At *St. Augustine*, a small whole length figure clothed in purple silk, with a mantle of gold, delighted me for its drawing and colour—by Vandyke— "The extacy of St. Augustine," by the same, is a beautiful production; the torse of the saint forms the chief or centre light and glitters in its place—the angels above (particularly the one floating forward) are most beautifully drawn and coloured. The altar piece at this church by Rubens, is not as fresh as I expected to find it: the figure of St. Sebastian in the foreground is carefully drawn and the colouring real flesh, the Virgin, Christ, St. John, and angels are pure enough, but the other parts of the picture look dingy or mouldy, and cannot be viewed with any degree of pleasure—the subject is the marriage of St. Catharine.

"At the Church of the Capuchins, *St. Antoine*

de Padone, are two beautiful specimens of art—St. Francis receiving Christ from the hands of his mother, by Rubens—and the dead Christ resting on the knees of the Virgin—St. Madeline and two angels weeping, by Vandyke.

Rubens's is simple, well drawn, boldly and as harmoniously coloured as any thing I have seen;—it appears to have been struck off in one of his happy moods—no touch appears to have been repeated a second time—the colouring of Christ and the two principal angels is charming, and the drapery of the Saint and Virgin as true as possible.

Vandyke's body of Christ is equal to the one at St. Jacques—the legs and arms are too leaden however,—the head of St. Madeline is more expressive of grief and more true in colour than any I have seen elsewhere—the angels are very fine. This picture is harmonious, but the anxiety of the painter to produce solemnity and gloom has carried him too far and the general appearance is a little heavy—there is too much *black*—the dress of the Saint, the sky, the wings of the angels, the extremities of the Saviour, making altogether too much darkness, but the body of Christ is the more brilliant for it, and that perhaps was the chief object of the painter.

St. Jacques again—Rubens's tomb—sat in his chair. The picture over his tomb placed there by himself, exceeds every thing of the same compass for *colour*

I ever saw,—nothing is extravagant, he seems to have commenced with the whole force of his palette upon the sun scorched figure of time in the foreground, and painted all his other figures up to it,—the children and female are very fair, but not cold; his second wife is the prettiest in this picture—the sky, architecture draperies, are all splendid. *Time* and *Love* in the foreground and the head above named are my favourite spots—the red drapery of the old man in the centre I think richer than Titian.

"There are pictures here by Thyssens, very like Vandyke, the *assumption* of the Virgin and another very like his style."

"Malines or Mecklin. Christ on the Cross by Vandyke, at the Cathedral or Church of St. Rombaud,—the *Adoration of the Magi*,—*St. John Baptist* in the desert,—*St. John Evangelist in the isle of Patmos*,—ditto in boiling oil—and *the decollation of John Baptist.* The first named is the largest picture by Vandyke I have seen, and as it is the most difficult to manage, and so entirely successful, I must call it the best I have seen,—we find fine drawing, delicate pencilling and as far as the gloomy atmosphere permits, splendid colouring,—the figure of the thief on Christ's left is peculiarly lustrous,—Christ well drawn and finely painted,—in the foreground is the mother clothed in black,—at her right side kneeling and clinging to the cross is Mary,—face beautiful—dress

dull pink—over the mother's left is seen St. John, —his face red with weeping and altogether too vulgar—two figures, head and bust only seen at the foot of the cross looking up at the Saviour, carry the group off;—on the right of the picture in the foreground, is a large figure in light drapery bending forward, and directing the attention of the soldier, who sits well poised upon his horse, to the wound in the side of Christ, which he seems to boast of having inflicted with the spear in his right hand,—the thief on the right is somewhat in advance of Christ. The *black* of the Virgin's dress balances the armour and dark man formed by the body of the right hand thief,—the *red* of John is found on the soldier on horseback,—Mary's *pink* or *purple* is a harmonizer between them; the figure of the left thief is painted against a light spot of sky,—this picture wants *unity.* Vandyke seemed afraid of the effect of many figures disturbing repose, and he has too few,—they are much detached however,—the faults are few, the merits countless;—for the subject, I think it far more imposing than Rubens's in the Museum at Antwerp, which is more powerful in colour, and light and shade, but lacks the solemnity and gloom of the other. "Adoration of the Magi," is more careful in drawing and fully equal in colour to most of Rubens's. The design is superior to his general works,—the playfulness of the Christ with the shrinking modesty of the Virgin, cannot be sur-

passed—this is my favourite *virgin*—the light is thrown from the Saviour's person, and forms consequently a round or ball of light—as a candle or any other single bright object would, confined within a given space—the figures throughout are so arranged as to repeat with their heads chiefly this same form,—the figure at the top of the picture with the torch gives a pyramidal form to the whole group of light as well as shadow,—it is a charming picture as need be seen,—the attire of the virgin is very simple,—a fine blue mantle lined with a colour composed of white, black, and a glaze of lake,—the dress black and white, almost white, warmed with a little red,—the sleeve from the middle of the arm to the wrist is pink,—the head of the old man next the Saviour offering the gold cup,—the one bearing the incense pot, and the moor *in green* with the white turban, are splendid points for colour. A John baptizing Christ is well designed,—both the figures are graceful except in the legs, in the drawing of which Rubens shewed his weakness too frequently,—the quiet bend of the Saviour and slight timidity of John are happily hit off,—the white drapery of Christ is the centre light and beautifully painted,—the white Dove descending in a burst of light repeats it;—the head of Christ is handsome,—the foliage and sky lovely.

"*The decollation of St. John*" is a splendid piece of Chiaro-oscuro,—the headless body could not have

been in a more difficult posture to draw, and it is executed as well as any thing of Raphael's I know in the Louvre.

"*John the Evangelist in the isle of Patmos,*" is richly painted,—the pink dress—red robe—rocks, eagle, sky and visions in the heavens, all fine,—the head has no expression that I could make any thing of, and ugly withal,—the ground and leaves beneath him I must try and remember when called for. On the other side of the panel, a "St. John cast into boiling oil," is splendidly executed every way, the drawing of the principal figure is perfect, the executioners good also, and the whole effect in Rubens's best manner. The last four pictures I have mentioned, are at *St. Jean's* Church, at Malines, where it is said Rubens directed his friends to go when they wanted to see his finest works. At *Notre Dame*, in the same city, are some worth special notice. "*The draught of fishes,*"—this for splendor of colour pleases me,—the back of the fisherman in the centre of the picture, hailing his brother in the distance to demand assistance, is perfect,—the figure stooping in the boat is very little inferior if any,—Christ is finely and even delicately drawn,—the expression of thankfulness upon the face of the old man whom he addresses is entire,—the figure on the right of the picture repeats the *red* of Christ, is well in colour, but the attempt to foreshorten it makes it look *too short*.

"*Tobit and the Angel,*" on the left, is sweetly designed, simple and natural, the action of both easy and the fish looks slippery. Peter on the right side taking the money from the fish, is not as striking as the others,—too much crowded. St. Peter, whole length on the back, looks too much like Sir Joshua Reynolds's Count Ugolino,—the St. Andrew on the river of Tobit and the Angel, is much superior,—he rests upon his cross, (three quarters to you) with one hand behind him with a fish in it attached by a cord.

"At Antwerp, in the Cathedral, is Rubens's *Descent from the Cross*, so deservedly praised. In the same church are three beautiful small works by him; *the resurrection*,—the figure of Christ, very light and well painted,—a figure on a *volet*, at the right of it representing St. John, and on the left a figure of the Virgin walking with a palm leaf in her right hand, and her left holding her drapery aside—the face three quarter view, the body side view—the drapery purple with black mantle, is beautifully painted,—St. John's right arm is akimbo, the left elevated as if surprised at some unexpected vision. *The assumption of the Virgin*, a large picture over the grand altar, is one of Rubens's best works,—the group of angels surrounding her are no where surpassed to my knowledge—and the group of men and women about the tomb, present the greatest varieties of posture and all happily expressed—the large figure in the

foreground of the woman in pink is exquisitely coloured, and the old man also is equally as good—the angel to the right of the virgin, flying into the picture, is my favourite among all the angels I have had the pleasure of seeing. There is a large picture hanging opposite to the *Descent from the Cross*, the dimensions the same with two *volets* also—the first after his return from Italy, I could only think, not shocking. The Descent from the Cross deserves all the praise it ever received even from Sir Joshua Reynolds." * * * * * *.

These notes of observations of works of the Flemish School which enlisted his feelings and attention, are all that exist of his first visit to Europe. Among his letters to his friends and in his journal kept in Venice and Rome, on his return from the United States, will be found others of interest relating to ancient and modern *art* in Italy. After parting with his friend Mifflin in London, he returned to Paris, where he remained pursuing his studies in the Life-school and copying in the Louvre until the spring of 1838. A memorandum on a slip of paper mentions the date of his leaving France.

"Left Havre 9th May, 1838, and after a delightful voyage of twenty-seven days, arrived at New York. Here is an end to my voyage and absence of twenty-one months, and though delighted to see my native land, yet I confess I am sighing after that I have left

behind me. God grant that I may go eastward once more before I die! Ship Albany, June 6th, 1838, waiting at quarantine for the steamboat to take us up."

Soon after De Veaux's arrival in N. York, (where he spent that summer,) he painted at Mr. Shegogue's rooms a fine portrait of his friend Col. John L. Manning, of South Carolina, and was invited by him to his residence in Clarendon, to take the likenesses of several of his family. Here an acquaintance formed in Camden with this respected and polished gentleman, ripened into that deep friendship and devoted attachment which subsequently existed between them. The gentlemanly urbanity, the ease and affability of his manners, the good humor and gentleness of disposition which were always characteristic of him in the family circle, endeared him to all. The spirit of his conversation, the liberality of his sentiments, and his self-sacrificing generosity on all occasions, in addition to the possession of a high order of talents, caused all who knew him to respect him.

In Clarendon he remained until the winter of 1839, fully occupied, and turning off from his easel many of his best portraits, enjoying himself in a delightful society, which appreciated him highly, and having every thing to encourage him in the prospects of his profession. Having completed his engagements, he

returned to Columbia, and spent the winter and spring in discharging some obligations there. The summer of 1840 was passed chiefly in Abingdon, Va., where he was invited to paint portraits for the family of the late General Preston. He made a short visit to New York, and returned to Columbia in November. He was in New York during the great excitement of political parties in the severe contest of that fall, but took little or no interest in it. To a friend he writes at that time:

"I am sorry that my indifference to politics is so incurable, that I cannot participate in the stirring times we have had, and continue to have here,—my leaning is towards your opponents, (whigs,) but so slight at this particular time is my preference, that the influence of any gentle delicate fair one could throw me on either side! How the storm howls in the next street at this moment!—the thunder of some political orator, who with "his throat of brass and adamantine lungs," has been for two hours past breathing destruction from a whig-wam, (alias log cabin,) has just ceased, and now five or ten thousand men are chanting the chorus of a Tippecanoe song! Hallo, here goes an equally great number of *locos*,—from morn to night these fellows are *en route*,—music is cheap,—here is a band of thirty musicians,—and *shoes* ought to be also, for most assuredly these are "times that try men's *soles!*"

I am disposed to give frequent and extended extracts from the letters of De Veaux, which were usually written in his moments of excitement while free from the depression which so often hung a lurid cloud over the bright light that beamed from his "mind's eye." They are spirited and sketchy, full of sportive allusions and playful imagery—thrown off *currente calamo* to his confidential friends—many of them abounding with sparkling thoughts and beautiful ideas. For one who had so few opportunities, they are fair specimens of unaffected and easy epistolary compositions.

To —— ——— at White Sulphur Springs.

"Whence arises such studied neglect of one of Nature's intelligencies? Week after week, with increasing anxiety, have I looked for a concoction from thy prolific noddle—wherefore comes it not? Can it be that the sulphureous vapours, instead of cleansing thy brain of its few aberrations, hath only increased its muddlings? The gods forbid! Instantly put pen to paper and let me decide—if my terrible anticipations are correct, if I find you are wandering 'mongst those that are in darkness, I'll mourn like Rachel (only more so)—but if you are "still in the light as I am in the light," I'll e'en rejoice like the father of the prodigal son!

"If I can be jovial and sportive, surely you can afford it—you playing at the springs, and I working at the knobs (heads.)

"'Retreat from care that never must be mine,' saith the poet, and I echo it. I must work hard to make up for *lost* years, and reserve for distant hope the blest idea of retirement and luxurious ease, for a time when I will care no longer for it—when the verdure and the sunshine will be gone from every scene—when no locality will please, and *wandering* will become a *fixed restlessness*, 'a mortal malady of mind'—but hang it, this is too sad ——.

"'Tis but rarely that a journal falls into these *paint*-stained hands of mine—but this morning, by accident, I perused one—you may imagine me (I can't picture it) reading an executive announcement dubbing you Lieut. Colonel! 'Old have I grown, and from my weary bones, honor is almost cudgell'd,' yet have I struggled all my youth through, without finding that which has found you unsought. Verily, 'some are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them,'—would that I may some day encounter it!

"'I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness,'—these professions were made to you in your *civil* capacity, should I not reiterate them now that your worship is 'armed and accoutred' a

regular cannon-mouth looking warrior? 'Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face has a command in't,' so you'll excuse my fears, and deal mercifully with the *great undubbed.*

"I have no news to fill you with 'as pigeons feed their young'—but with looks and language as stern as any Colonel, I demand your reason for neglecting me during your absence from this 'little spot of earth.' If nothing else will suffice to recall one, can't the 'sweet memory' of our having together watched the nimble trout, cutting with pliant oars the silver stream, or having sate beneath the spreading sycamore, glaring with dire intent on the opposite hills in hope of deer, and anon twisting our happy thoughts into undying numbers!—can none of these things move you?—then surely you have gained the twenty pounds I hear of, and are not easily moved. The hunting season is passed, and now the trout must keep dark, unless they are tired of life. We are ready, and must lessen the number of fish—they are too cruel to live—do you know what they do for grub?—why the great ones eat up the little ones! we are such clever philanthropists, we can't stand that, so W. and J. and I must be 'up and at 'em.'" * * * * *

De Veaux continued to paint in Columbia, until the summer of 1841. Since his return from Europe, his

improvement being marked, he received $100 for his portraits, and had full occupation. On reference to a note book of the portraits painted during the interval between his first and second visits to Europe, it appears that he finished forty-three.*

With the generous object of contributing to the cultivation of the fine artistic skill with which nature had endowed the subject of this memoir, and to give to his ardent spirit, the opportunities it sighed for, Mrs. Gen. Hampton, Col. Wade Hampton, John L. Manning, Esq., and John S. Preston, Esq., made arrangements with him to proceed to Italy, to make copies for them of such works of *the old masters* as he might select.

The interest which they took in his advancement was based on the undoubted indications of genius which he exhibited, and his worthy personal qualities; and they all feel deeply the loss to the State and to the arts of their esteemed protegé. The few works he was permitted by a wise Providence to achieve, give an earnest of what he would have done had his valuable life been spared. On the arrival in this country of his first original composition, "*Christ administered to by Angels*," a distinguished artist, of fine taste and liberal feelings, who knew well his abilities, observed to the owner of that painting, "if

* From his commencement in Columbia, in 1832, to his last visit to Europe, he painted 240 portraits.

De Veaux improves as much in the next two years as he has during the last two, he will be equal to any living artist."

In August, 1841, he left Columbia for the last time, and with a heavy heart at parting, and melancholy forebodings that he was never to return to it. Such feelings were natural at separating himself from a circle of intimate friends, who valued him as an artist, and loved him as a man,—at leaving the abode of many years, the scene of his early labours, his progressive improvement, and his well earned success;—but little did those friends anticipate the short career of youth and strength, that gave a promise of wearing to a good old age, or of genius and acquirement that entitled them to hope for honors and distinctions as life advanced! How sad the reflection!

He sailed from New York in September, and landed in Liverpool, whence he soon departed for Paris. For his subsequent movements and history, all must now be derived from his own letters, his journal of residence in Rome and Venice, and the letters of his friends, Mr. Rossiter and Mr. Chambers. I prefer to give the extracts from his letters as they were written, in preference to incorporating the information they contain in his narrative. Some of them, perhaps, might have been better omitted, but the design of these pages is to give a fair picture of the character and acquirements of their subject.

J—— D—— to ———.

"Paris, Nov. 15, 1841.

As no excuse will suffice for my shameful silence, *passons*. Two months and a half have elapsed since I sailed from New York. Twenty-six days we were *sur mer*—ten days between Liverpool and Paris, (very leisurely, n'est ce pas?) and here at Paris, *in the world*, more than one month, sketching and studying Italian, to make my journey *Rome*-ward—(heavenward?)—more pleasant. In three days I start, and my next scrawl shall be from Florence, and brimful of news.

My voyage was a delightful one—had the same captain I sailed with before, and being an old acquaintance, I was head man among the male population of our floating city, and courted by the ladies for my standing with the captain. We had on board a Boston 'gal,' 'going ahead' to be married. The first week of our voyage, being struck with the unassuming modesty of manner, and the frankness, and candor and honesty that beams so continually from the visage of your friend, she approached me one night, when the moon was bright, and the sea still, and made me the depository of her secret love—the 'gal' was affected!! One year ago, returning home from Europe, she became enamoured of a chap, and

he of her—they became engaged—he returned to England, to establish himself, and she has come out now, with dresses, jewellery, cake, etc., all ready for the appointment. What a journey for a young woman! que pensez vous? I saw the cake, etc., passed through the Custom House!

Paris is just where it was, and is as much loved as ever;—it is the place for a Painter after all, and if, during my stay abroad, I have an offer or proposals of any sort that will facilitate my success, I will most assuredly remain here. There is a luxury in associating with the young and talented enthusiasts of this country, that makes one young again, and chimes more with my temperament, than the cold calculating grey looking spirits of our northern cities —and unfortunately those are the only points in our country where a Painter *can live.* Healy has painted two pictures of Soult, and a head of the King—his picture of Guizot is his best, and will be sent soon to Washington. Since he painted the King, Col. Thorne has advanced towards him, and he is painting full lengths for him. I had occasion to visit Thorne's Hotel with Healy, to choose parts of it for some of the back-grounds of the pictures—the family is at their country *chateau*, the hotel in the city he rents from Louis Philippe's sister,—'tis a splendid palace—he must have Astor's purse, or its equal, at command.

Write to me at Florence. I am passing along a smooth and pleasant road, many thanks to my friends, and yourself in the bargain. I shall write them all from Florence; remember me to all, and tell —— I saw a little grisette picking her ear with a shoe-maker's *awl*, and I struck up his favorite air,

"'Twere vain to tell thee *all* I feel"—.

What a pity she lost the pun—you shan't escape it, any how."

J—— D—— to ———.

"Florence, Dec. 24, 1841.

My Dear Friend:

To express to you my shame and mortification at the long silence I have kept, is utterly impossible;—fifty times I have seated my dull carcase and essayed with might and main to think in a strain that would be acceptable to you, but always fruitlessly. Despairing of ever being better fitted to perform, (for I assure you that thoughts of the distance that divides me from true friends, the time, and changes that must in course occur, and the thousand pleasing recollections of past days that crowd upon me, keep me saddened and dispirited,) I am resolved to appear now before each of my friends, and knowing your leniency, choose to make my *debut* before you.

I'll not treat of my 'various accidents by flood and field,' that is a treat in reserve for a future occasion. Let this suffice, that leaving New York the 1st Sept., I landed at Liverpool on the 26th, and pursued 'the even tenor of my way' thence to London, Dover, Boulogne and Paris,—halting of course at *each world* to draw—breath—not pictures. At Paris I remained six or seven weeks, sketching at the Louvre, and studying Italian. At the end of that time, I flung myself into a French 'diligence,' gave the word 'go,' and during ten days and nights was continually *en route;* and here have I been in old Florence nearly a month, painting at the Gallery *the* six hours, drawing at night from the living model, and the rest of the time rambling about among the old churches, palaces, prisons, gardens, etc. etc. Oh! pack your trunk and leave the sand-hills for a season—a walk along the Arno, or a peep at the frescoes in old Santa Croce, is worth the jaunt;—besides—fruit season is *in*, and always is, and how you would enjoy the juice of the grape! Though I am among the marvels (marbles?) of the earth, and in the world's garden, let me not refuse to France its praise. I love its smiling enthusiastic populace, its good and wise citizen king, its gorgeous *restaurants* and splendid caffé—oh, don't I?—above all its men of mind—the great men in art and science are there—and I am not sure that if Vernet, and Conder, and Coignet, had lived

before Angelo, and Raphael, and Veronese, that *they* would not be *the* idols, and with much more of reason. At any rate, I left it, Paris—the world—with a heavy heart and moistened lids, and trusting to the tender mercies of a French coach, was *drawn* and *quartered* in Italy.

'Italia! oh Italia! thou hast the fatal gift of beauty,'—it is an easy task for young gentlemen and ladies of capabilities, to record in their familiar epistles and private tour books, long dissertations, (after a whole week's residence,) upon thy literature, thine arts and thy manners, but my inexperience and ignorance forbids me to venture upon so delicate a subject, and so I pass on to more personal matters.

To attempt to tell you about the pictures and statues here, would only be to repeat the worn-out slang of connoisseurs, amateurs and painters; 'superb!' 'magnificent!!' 'divine!!!' form the only vocabulary that can express the impressions made by the sight of the works, and they, by their familiarity, have lost their force. I'll name a few of these, and leave you to judge of my delight in living amongst such creations—Raphael's '*Madonna del Seggiola*' and '*Fornarina*,' and '*St. John in the Wilderness*'—'*Titian's Belle*,' and a score of other *finer* things by *him*—'*The Venus de Medici*,' 'the goddess that loves in stone'—Michael Angelo's statues of Bacchus, David, &c. &c.—but I'll not consume paper in recounting

more ;—one thing I am obliged to lament most sadly, is the unfitness of the finest pictures for our country —those that in the copying would be most serviceable to me, are totally unsuitable for parlor walls. However, in the crowd of good things, I shall be able to find enough of the proper character for home consumption. The difficulties here are very great—in Paris, as many as can get around a picture are permitted to copy, and one permit serves for a year, besides which you may be engaged on fifty pictures at the same time, but here, one at a time, unless you cheat, (which I am doing now, having two heads in progress,) a separate permit for each picture is needed. Only a certain number of painters is allowed in each room, and often you are obliged to wait six months for your turn. The Madonna and Fornarina of Raphael are engaged for at least two years—about forty names down for each. Copies of them are made from copies, and so on to the fortieth generation, and palmed off on very *shrewd* purchasers for copies of originals. Happily they are before me, and can be studied without being copied—too much copying is a delusive kind of occupation, and the student is apt to let *the master* do his thinking, and fall asleep over the work—but to hang over them, dream of them, search continually to fathom the process by which they were produced, and the principle by which the painter was regulated, to en-

deavor to think like him, then shut yourself in your studio, and choosing a subject for yourself, seek to imitate and equal, if possible, the work you have been admiring, seems to me the most certain way of becoming a painter. Copying at first is not to be neglected, and in the course of time (time I must have, and I want nothing else, money I have in my banker's hands here enough for years—Florence is *too* cheap!) I expect to have at least one great copy decorating the house of each of my true friends—none of your namby pamby material, but something that under the hammer (if the auctioneer does as he is *bid*) will bring a neat sum. Seriously, I shall try myself on a few fine copies for Columbia, as soon as I can get in—in the meantime, I am working at the finest heads I can find, (a Rubens and a Reynolds at present,) six hours every day, (except their confounded fête days, and they are very many now that Christmas holidays are here,) and two hours every night from the living model. Enveloped thus by an atmosphere of art, my days are gliding smoothly and profitably along, thanks to the kind friends among whom I am proud that I can name yourself.

I am afraid you have other thoughts than of visiting this old man in his cell, and you will not come to enjoy Italia's sweet air. Years hence when you send your boy to see the wonders of these beautiful fairy lands, I shall greet him warmly if I am here,

but should I be 'in dull cold marble cased,' charge him to find the spot, and hang upon its silent headboard a wreath of immortals."

* * * * *

J—— D—— to ———.

"Florence, July 10, 1842.

* * * ——. Inman has more natural talent perhaps, but Sully has the learning,—all that application, enthusiasm, experiment and experience could do, aided too by good natural taste, and a nice perception of grace and elegance, almost of beauty, Mr. S. has accomplished. Mr. I. has natural ability, a quick eye and ready hand,—hard study has always been irksome to him from ill health, but he does wonders for all that. Sully is our Reynolds, and Allston our *wonder*,—I would not give him for less than Michael Angelo! He is as fine as all the old masters together!

I am anxious to talk a little about myself and my course for the six months I have spent in Florence, but am almost ashamed, for although I hope my progress has been fully equal to all I hoped for, and perhaps more than I had reason in hoping for, still I am mortified at what will appear to others, I fear, as time lost—that is, making an original picture. To be sure, I have been studying, working hard, but

I had no idea of the time required, the thousands of changes, the painting out in one hour the labour of weeks, etc. etc.—Copying is mere play to it, and portrait painting the greatest of luxuries. I could have copied five pictures of the same size in the same time, and I am vexed to think I could not get at them when I arrived, as I was anxious to do. Every thing here goes by favour, and artists are compelled to wait sometimes a year to get permission to copy a particular picture. I found that was to be my case, and after two months copying of *heads*, and finding my chance to copy the pictures I wanted, very slender, I began *an original.* Although more is learnt in this way than by merely copying the works of others, still the time to a beginner, as well as the labour, makes it appear when finished but slow work; —however, quicker next time—it is not quite as long as Allston taking six months to two small figures. My picture has ten figures—the subject is '*Christ administered to by Angels after his fast of forty days;*' it will take me nearly another month to finish, and I shall start it off *toute de suite*, although I would like to keep it for the exhibition in September here. I know I ought to have sent something long ago, and had I been only copying, I could have done so, but instead of that I have added one to *the originals!* It is for Col. H.

With regard to advantages here, they are great

that is beyond question,—but all in promises,—so far as getting at the good pictures is concerned. The regular old Italian copyists monopolize them; but when painting originals, to have galleries and churches all open for inspection, free, and every one of them well stocked with *chef d' ouvres*, is a glorious privilege, and the cost of living is one half that of Paris, though there the copying is more facile and modern artists are far superior. Give me Paris with my pockets filled and Horace Vernet for my master,—but Florence as things are. Models for pictures are the heaviest items of expense here,—since I have been engaged on my angels, I have had models enough for inspection to people a small village,—angels,—Italian angels! from three years up to thirty; women and children, male and female. I wish you could see me hauling up one little fellow with a belly-band and rope and tackle, and when I get him in the air and say 'fly sir,' he curls all his limbs into a heap and falls to crying!

This climate is the thing for me. I don't fatten any,—give me some good medical reason. I am afraid it is an infirmity of age.

* * * * *

J—— D—— to ———.

"Florence, Aug. 10, 1842.

My Dear Friend:

Some century ago I tried to open a correspondence with you, but 'twas 'snubbed' in its birth by your veto;—when I began to write my friends from Europe, your letter was written and sent with the rest,—from all the others to whom I wrote responses came, and then between us it has been the old tune of 'wheel about and turn about' with the exception of yourself. Your silence has had its effect on me, and its consequence is a certain mysterious solemnity of manner, and startling sullenness of front, with which I am apt to encounter friend and foe, whenever the heart is troubled. Beware! how you 'tackle' me in this mood,—'the bear robbed of her cubs,' &c. would be a gentle being to take to your bosom.

In a letter from * * * he tells me you are a candidate for 'the sweet voices' of the sovereign people,—for the legislative assembly. This has awakened all my anxieties,—the terrible sacrifices of a gentleman rise in order before me,—paper puffs, retorts, sly squibs, foul inuendoes, barbecues, stump speeches, whoops, hurras, a few stiff 'brandy and waters,' then a fight, with a knock down and drag

out, to finish the first flushing of a maiden speech! I am right glad my absence saves my seeing you during the struggle. I am sure you'll not be amiable, the whole thing will clash so with the kind of excitement you relish. It will nauseate you to leave the dirty work to dirty hands; but when all is gained, to sit among your equals, and battle with the instructed and the intelligent, is the position where I can depict you, with a pleasurable satisfaction, to my mind's eye, and can admire the laudable ambition that urges to such a contest. Write me when all is over,—meantime I shall mourn your condition and sympathize with your distresses.

When shall we meet again? Not very soon, I fear, unless you put your old threat into execution and 'come over the sea.' I love Carolina, but 'I love Rome more,'—or Florence, if you please,—it is all one,—two days journey between them to be sure, but it's all Italy! From day to day my admiration increases, and now that the language has become rooted in me, I enjoy the country tenfold more than ever. I am sometimes tempted to regret the very kindness of my friends at home and wish them cruel, that I might have an excuse for dwelling here always, 'midst vines and figs. Think of its making a man forget his home and desiring to nestle with strangers! But the people enter not into my calculations,—the climate, the scenery and the arts make

the chief of its charms. Oh! leave cob-webs and dust and politics, and pines and scrub oaks, and all other dirty things, and come here and *breathe* in Italy,—quit the damp, dank, suffocating air of sand hills, and the leaden exhalations of those eternal swamps, and come stand at my side at sun rise or sun set and let me hear you say, 'this is life,'—one day in the city of the Medici, is better than a thousand within the walls of Gotham,—it is better to be a door-keeper in the palace of the Grand Duke, than dwell in the White House forever. Throw a few things into an old trunk—borrow a few dollars, and come and let me 'cicerone' you about. It is so easy a matter—only twelve or fifteen days across the ocean, that you ought to spend the coming winter here. Make up a party, and start without giving it a thought.

I can add nothing to what has been chronicled of the charms of this country, and you are better acquainted with its recorded beauties than myself, let me however certify to one item,—no description written or pictured, can give more than a glimmer of the landscape, or the faintest idea of the climate, the atmosphere, the sun sets, olive groves, vineyards, chateaux, towers, mountains, all at one glance;—and each cloud that intervenes throws a huge shadow over some object and changes the whole character of the picture. From minute to minute thus there are constant changes, and the rapt spectator becomes

'drunk with beauty.' Oh! come and let me teach you to enjoy nature and art in their magnificence!

I am studying hard—but with what success you shall shortly judge. The subject I have chosen for my *debut* in history-painting is "*Christ administered to by the angels.*" Painting it under the *eye* of the best works of *dead* masters, and having now and then the scrutinizing eyes of living judges to contend against, I have been floundering about in true whale fashion for several months. It has been a good study for me,—it has kept me always busily thinking and fretting, and they are apt to leave impressions firmly graven. Tell me what you think of it candidly for an original. Before my funds give out, I shall have one such, at least, for each of my good friends.—There are American painters and sculptors here of all sorts. I find nothing in their society to please me, and so keep to myself. Strange that so much venom should exist among professors of a liberal art,—but the truth is, that envy and jealousy are our (painters') besetting sins, and the first thing I heard of here was a flare up at Rome 'mongst the American artists, and now they are all in Florence for the summer, so I keep housed. Except religious sects, I think *we* are the warmest and best haters, and the most malignant devils the sun ever deigned to shine upon. Except the French, I find artists the most disagreeable associates, so can't expect to make ma-

ny friends among them, though I make some small sacrifices to avoid making them enemies. The few friends I have among them are exceptions to the general rule.

Excuse this harlequin letter,—if I had a little gold left, I'd make its black marks shine again, but were I to re-write it, 'twould be little better than 'gilding refined gold.' Addio."

* * * * *

"Florence, Nov. 7, 1842.

My Dear Friend:

You distress me when you complain of the fewness of my letters. I am certain of having written frequently. I have written twice lately to ——, and a long letter to ——, and I have taken your last from my trunk, and find it marked 'answered,'—in fact no letter leaves my table drawer for the solitude of my leather *malle*, till it has been responded to. Your letter it indeed doleful in its tidings. Poor ——, she bade from appearance fair for a long life and S—— and J——,

'Each in his narrow cell forever laid!'

What frequent and terrible warnings are daily given us, and yet we travel on unmindful of the threatenings!

I have been to Leghorn to ship my 'original' to

Col. H. You express the hope that I intend to send something else,—no, no, all the other things I have are copies of heads, ugly faces, only chosen as studies for colour—studies of costumes for future historicals when I get home and can't find such things. All these studies are interesting and most useful to me, but not so for a gentleman's collection,—they are the best things for a painter's studio, and I shall keep them with me,—and have a big box to take home,—but I have finished all that sort of thing for myself, and the rest of my time I now devote to copying for my friends, so look out for boxes following in rapid succession,—making originals is labour, but copying is pastime. At Rome two weeks hence I shall dive up to the eyes in copies—and then you'll cry 'hold, enough,' but I will pile on in spite of entreaties.

I have been on a foot excursion of ten days, in the most picturesque part of this lower world,—visited Siena, and the two celebrated Convents of 'La Verna' and 'Vallambrosa, where the Etruscan shade high over arch embowers,'—lived two days with the old fathers of Vallambrosa, and as many at the other. We ate, we drank, we snuffed, and made merry with these cloistered men, and never have I seen more hospitality and kindness bestowed. They chatted with us about Columbus, their countryman—America—the Indians—and wondered and gaped at the cannibal stories we told them. These good men

feed and lodge all visitors, and receive in recompense only what your charity suggests;—no charge is made, but, of course, each traveller, after being feasted and caressed, and hugged in the arms of these old anchorites, feels a bigness of soul, that tempts him into a ruinous liberality, and thus the sweet placid mildness of the old coveys procures them ample means to support their institution. If I were not Devo, I would be the prior of a convent! How I love the quiet holy seclusion of their dwellings!

I have many sketches made from Nature as I journeyed—we were four in number, Virginia, Boston, New Haven and myself, and a jolly time we had with all the loafers of each small town we strolled through, (armed with knapsacks, etc.) following at our heels, and uttering witticisms (an Italian privilege,) at the expense of the *forestieri*—strangers.—'May I ask the way to Poppi' said I; 'Yes,'—said a smart, sharp eyed beauty, (just for fun I did it,)—'Yes you may'—'Then where is it' I asked; 'I don't know,' she laughingly replied.

* * * * *

J—— D—— to ———.

"Florence, Nov. 14, 1842.

S——, come to Italy. Nothing painted or written can give an idea of the millions of glorious objects presented at every turn—old churches, palaces and prisons! old towns tumbling to ruins, or a new one springing into existence—take your choice and make your picture. A run up to the top of one of the hundreds of villa-capped hills (that actually encircle this old walled city of eighty thousand inhabitants,) at sunset, is a perfect view of Paradise before the fall. Oh! what chiaró scuro—the city at your feet, with towers and steeples *toned* by time, and fresh varnished by the rays of an Italian sun!—the Arno one sheet of silver valley stretching far and wide—the immense spreading of plains shadowed by a mountain cloud, and cut into by a broad sheet of sunlight! such things I have never seen, and will never tire of—each second brings a change and a new picture. In all this lavish sport of hot and cold, light and shade, the eye rests soothingly upon the old white headed Appenines, that seem to be stretching their necks to get a look at the old Cathedral's huge comfortable looking knob, and so warm themselves in imagination.

Lounging in old churches, cloisters and galleries, is the occupation of *us* travellers. The churches

are decorated in a style of most gorgeous imposingness—gold and silver, crimson velvet and coloured silks, and more than all, to me at least, what adds to the *largeness* of effect, are the high and extensive ceilings painted in architectural perspective, carrying the eye upward and onward by a complete delusion, and finishing in the cupola by a picture of the ascension of Christ, or more commonly of the Virgin. 'The dim religious light' that is so studiously prepared in these churches, adds of course to the well painted illusions, and one loves to sit in the solemn silence and gaze himself into a state of joyous entrancement that nothing earthly equals. Shall I become a Catholic? No—I can have these sweet dreams and be a Protestant 'for a' that'—the heretics are not shut out from heaven—on earth at least.

From Giotto Massaccio and Ghirlandaio down to Benvenuti of the present Florentine Academy, the churches are adorned with pictures. An old fresco from which Raphael took his figure of Christ in the *Transfiguration*, is here, all tumbling to pieces—come quickly to see the last traces, if you will. Raphael is better in the Louvre than here, but Rome is his seat. Michael Angelo, in the tombs of the Medici, distances all competition—there is nothing too great for him—believe all you hear or read or imagine that is grand and sublime, and you will do him no more than justice—he is great beyond all other human

greatness. His '*Mother and infant Jesus*' in that tomb, renders every other conception of that subject little and unsatisfactory—nothing can describe it—his imitators are all failures—he is unapproachable—

"Within that circle none durst tread but he;"

—others may deal with grace, beauty, etc., but for the 'things beyond' none should attempt to follow Angelo. In a few months I hope to stand before his fresco of 'The Judgment' at Rome!

Of the present Italian school, it requires not that I should tell you aught;—that it has been declining rapidly for nearly two centuries, and has ceased to be named with the French or English, you are well aware. This is not surprising,—many causes have aided to hasten its decay, but chief among them, the fall of the Republic and the pride and independence of the States,—the commercial wealth transplanted to more favoured situations,—the churches, (the chief supporters of the Artist,) overstocked with pictures, and the constant demand for copies by foreigners travelling in this country, which has made (and kept) copyists of men, who, with the patronage that Raphael and others received, might have been their equals. If other causes exist, it must be in the general degeneracy of the race,—the climate is I suppose the same as then—the models the same,—the pictures finer than they had to study—but the incentives

are wanting—'money, money, and again money.' The adoration of the old masters has done its share of harm, for persons who for the last century have travelled here have been unwilling to pay for aught but copies *from them*, and the government and church are too poor, or have more pictures than they need, so modern artists of course dwindle into mere copyists—and poor miserable devils they are—cramped and disappointed in their first aspirings, who can wonder at their failures?

* * * * *

J—— D—— to Col. W—— H——.

"Florence, Nov. 7, 1842.

My Dear Sir:

You will not I am sure put a wrong construction upon my long silence—were I blest with that quickness of observation and aptness of language, which seeing at one instant some object of interest, the next moment transfers it felicitously to paper, all my friends (and I am fortunate in possessing many,) should long ere this time have been deluged with my 'pencillings by the way;' but members of my craft are seldom quill-drivers,—we are obliged to make the brush the vehicle for the passage of our thoughts, and thus our very 'failings lean to virtue's

side,' inasmuch as our acquaintances escape the frequent infliction of dull letters.

The advantage of spending a year or two in Italy, a painter can always appreciate—here is the repository of all that is great in art. Materials inexhaustible for the student to feast upon are before him, and without their knowledge he might be fruitlessly wandering in the dark,—by studying these models of our predecessors, (a long and irksome labour was theirs!) our way is made short and easy;—the pains taking man is enabled at a *coup d'oeil* to catch some of the principles of art, which those who went before him spent their lives in pursuing, and have willed to their followers as a rich inheritance. These master pieces of other times have pleased for centuries, and he that can feel their beauties, and discovering the rules and principles on which they were produced, applies them to his own time, will be sure to please again. In this spirit I endeavor to feel and work, and if after years of practice that I hope are in store for me, it should be my good fortune to shew proof of having well used my present moments, it will add not a little to the pleasure of success, to couple with it the grateful acknowledgment, that to yourself, first and last, I am obliged for these invaluable opportunities.

While engaged in making such studies as I think will be of service to me hereafter, I have painted

also a picture of '*Christ fed by Angels*,' after his fastings and temptings of forty days and nights in the wilderness. This is the first original painting of many figures I have ever attempted, and should the picture and subject be pleasing to yourself and family, I would ask for it a place on your walls, at least until such time as I can send you something worthier. I have forwarded it to you, through Goodhue & Co., New York.

The moment I have chosen is the arrival of the angels with food and drink, and of the SAVIOUR'S thanksgiving. The angels are disposed in acts and postures that chanced to strike most pleasingly on my fancy,—all blemishes and beauties (are there such?) are my own—it is strictly original.

Beginning on the right of the picture, (the left of the observer,) is a figure partly obscured by the shadows that fall from a cluster of foliage—this is the wine-bearer, the Hebe of the company,—next a small figure adjoining, is one presenting a cup of wine, but waiting religiously the cessation of grace,—behind the kneeling figure, and some distance back in the picture, is one coming forward, with hands clasped and eyes heavenward, as if in gratefulness for the relief sent to the Christ,—then comes the person of JESUS;—immediately on his left, an angel is anxiously directing his attention to another just alighted, bearing bread and fruit, whilst a third is seen eager-

ly urging the food-bearer forward;—an angel has taken the hand of the Lord, and is reverently embracing it,—the foreground occupant kneels in silent worship.

Action in some of the figures became necessary, to give life and animation to the picture, which might otherwise have appeared tame, spiritless and monotonous. This movement I have affected by the supposed inquietude of two or three of the younger urchins. I think I have avoided any thing like too much bustle and confusion in the group, by the sacredness of air, bent heads, and prayerful aspects of the majority, particularly the elder forms, and have left all infringement of etiquette to the younger branches of the family.

I shall be pleased to hear your own, and others' remarks upon my work.

Florence exceeds all my expectations. It is an object of admiration to all travellers—they linger longest here, and pine to return;—the general air of the palaces, having been built as defences in dark and troublous times, seems at first sight solemn and mournful; but then there are modern buildings to gaze upon, and by the light of an Italian sky, even these fine old barracks look grand and beautiful. The environs are all olive and vine and fig, and mountains with old chateaux—so there is enough for poetry to warble and painting to defile. The

people are roguish, but pleasantly or civilly so,—they'll cheat—but entrap them in the effort, and they will be witty at their own expense, and give you a bargain for your cleverness. To the poor and sick they are full of kindness and charity;—their religion, teaching them to expect a good interest, may have its weight. Societies to which noblemen belong, the Grand Duke the head, at the signal bell, at all hours of the day or night, quit their labour, conceal their persons and faces in a long cowl, and set out, a litter on their shoulders, to assist the sick and wounded, or to bury the poor dead. Miracles are not common now-a-days, but spots and pictures are shewn, where and by which they have been performed; at one moment these miracle-working objects, or a little cross, placed near them, will receive the kiss of an old toothless hag, and a moment after the exquisite, with his face hedged with whiskers, and his segar 'twixt his fingers, imprints the same way the well worn iron—and large crosses are painted on houses to keep off the Devil and his legions.

The nobility are no longer rich;—they have their horses and carriages, but hire them out to pay expenses, and the coachman is at home a shoe-maker or tailor for the household. A stranger in Florence is deceived by their outward show—the French say of them, 'habit de velours et ventre de son'—velvet

coats, and stomachs of husks. The beauty of the females is indisputable—you see it in faces expressive of all that is admirable in woman—except modesty;—here the liquid glance of the melting black eye, and the soft languishing of heavenly blue, are equally loose in their expression.

After another year, which I contemplate spending at Rome and Venice, I may return home."

* * * * * * * *

This successful painting, which was an earnest of the rapid development of De Veaux's fine genius, came safely to hand. It was exhibited in New York to the prominent artists, who spoke in exalted terms of its composition, brilliancy of colouring, and beauty of finish. Among those who saw it, Durand, Huntingdon, Gray and others were much pleased with it. It is a matter of regret that Inman and Sully had no opportunity of giving an opinion of its merits.

I feel much disappointment that it is not in my power to include in this sketch its effect on the tasteful mind of a worthy artist friend. I feel incompetent to describe it in the language of art, and can only say of it, that the drawing is correct, the arrangement of the figures graceful, the expression in keeping with the subject, the colouring rich and brilliant, the tone good, and lights well placed. The principal light is on the person of the Saviour, and

is gently subdued around him. The air of humility and thankfulness is well exhibited in his countenance, and the effects of fasting shewn on his attenuated frame. The figure of the Fruit-bearer is full of beauty and feminine grace,—the kneeling female offering the wine is most expressive of anxious interest for the Lord, and the little angel in front of him is a sweet embodiment of pleasing reverence. The picture in its general effect is admirably managed, and the composition and execution would do honor to many of more mature and wider reputation.

In giving now the Journal of observations, which was kept by De Veaux during his residence in Rome and Venice, I will occasionally introduce a letter, so as to keep up the circumstances of his life in the order of their occurrence.

JOURNAL.

J. DE VEAUX. ROME, 1842.

Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1842.—Roused from a sweet sleep by servant Maria, "*la vettura e venuta*" broke from her unharmonious voice upon my half awakened senses—it was then but five o'clock, and until half past two, I had been up running from C——'s house to B——'s, and back again, in search of my cloak, which one of them had taken off in place of his own. B—, S—, F—, C— and M— had been with me, en-

joying ourselves to a late hour. We shall never meet again on such terms—youth, good spirits and light hearts to cheer us—addio, i mici amici!

At 7 o'clock we rolled away from Mrs. Grazzini's door,—eleven months I had passed happily in this house, and now was leaving it forever. I felt that I had formed an attachment for it, and was severing it in the very moment of the discovery. Four insides—Lieut. C——, of the U. S. Navy, a Prussian physician, a Norwegian student, and a Hungarian painter, R—— and myself in the *cabriolet*. *We* paid ten dollars apiece, breakfast, dinner, bed "buona mano" included, from Florence to Rome—the others more or less as they were skilled in bargaining.

Trotting briskly along the streets, we soon passed under the "*Porta Romano*," had our passports *vised*, and then a long farewell to "la bella Firenze." We were soon over the ten miles that conveyed us to Casena, but we were to make Poggi Bonsi, twenty five miles from Florence, ere our guide intended we should be fed—and we were in his power—had given our precious bodies over to his keeping, and had to abide the issue. At two o'clock arrived at the breakfast house, astonished our internals with beef-steaks, mutton-chops, wine and coffee, and our eyes, with a sign in this far off Italian town, bearing in large letters "Caffé Nuova Yorck." We hitched up again and put off for Siena, fourteen miles farther,

passed Saggia, an old sturdy fortification, and at eight o'clock were safe at Siena.

We all did justice to the plentiful dinner our "Vetturino" served us up—the wine was not good, but some brandy bought at "Doney Café" by the Lieutenant was capital;—retired one and all early and slept like fagged travellers. I was roused at daybreak by R—— crawling about in search of his clothes, that he might sally forth and peep at the Cathedral before we were ready to start. I preferred my bed, as I had spent two whole days at Siena in August, during the great "Festa" of the assumption of the virgin, and was sufficiently sated with the horse-racing—saturated with rain, and sent home to bed—walking up and down its ugly streets, over their fish-bone pavements. But to one who had not suffered all this, the Cathedral was worth making a voyage in the dark round the bed room, running his head against a marble projection, and his shins against the chairs, to visit.

At 8 o'clock we started, and, after passing over seventeen miles of this scraggy, hilly, volcanic country, arrived at Buona convento at twelve o'clock, and breakfasted to our entire satisfaction. Weather cloudy, and the faces of two of our fellow-passengers partaking its character—they, it appears, have neglected a written agreement, "signed, sealed and delivered," and the conductor denies having promised

them breakfast, so they are to "pay the extra," or live (is such a thing possible?) on one meal per diem. Making for La Scala, (thirty-seven miles from Siena,) our destination for to-night, we entered the narrow gates of St. Quirico—the church,—doors gothic, rich and quaint, in architecture and device—the Cardinal's palace of a piece with it. As we entered one gate, and drove on to go out at the other, the windows of the houses on either side were filled with women and children—the babies ugly and dirty enough, but the women!—a small black velvet hat seemed to be universally worn within doors, and I never saw even Italians look so bewitching. I'll remember the pattern of that same hat, and when I begin (I don't think I ever will,) to tire of my wife, I'll get her a hat of St. Quirico, and put her in a window and ride by her, and if my old love is not rekindled at the sight, the horse may keep on, I shan't care if he never stops.

Outside the walls of this old town, a wide extent of beautiful country lay before us—on our right hills spring up here and there, and each one bears on its peak the last sad remnant of some noted strong-hold of the olden time;—on the left is Fienzi,—a full blaze of sun light is on it, making it look like a city built of white basalt;—a few miles to the south you see where old Montepulciana (the producer of the "king of wines,") lays his full length along, as if dead drunk

on his own hill top, under his vine! We finished our day at about seven o'clock.

La Scala boasts one house,—there we halted, and dinner was ordered,—but woe to me! for an indiscretion at breakfast, I am to lose my dinner. I too fondly took a pork steak to my bosom,—it lay there quietly some three or four hours, when (ungrateful pork!) it turned upon the stomach it should have nourished, and rent it with retchings most vehement, until it made its escape.

At six next morning, had some strong coffee, felt brisk and set out to be drawn at the rate of three miles per hour, through a bleak wild looking country,—hills gashed and slit into countless slices by earthquakes and washing rains. At starting, Radicofani, ten miles distant, perched on its jagged height, was plainly visible, but before we had passed the first half of our way toward it, it was entirely lost in the clouds and mist of a gathering storm, and we saw no more of its romantic and interesting ruins. Some years ago when the Roman and Tuscan states were disputing about the necessity of keeping up its expensive armament, one in favor and the other opposed to it, the powder magazine took fire and decided the dispute. We drew up here in front of the "dogana" and a splendid old fountain, and had our passports looked into,—eight miles farther, and we are at Torreciello, the last dogana in Tuscany,—

a few miles, and we are landed at Porta Centino, the first Custom-house in the papal dominions. We met at this point five or six half famished soldiers, and gave them *a dollar* not to examine our trunks. My naval friend refused to join our little innocent "bribery and corruption" spree, pressing to be detained and searched rather, but his countrymen without his knowledge made up his share of the stake, and we passed snugly on our way.

Breakfasted before we started;—a cold rain storm now began in good earnest, and we started off in it like spunky fellows. Bolsena, sixteen miles distant, was our point for the night. We were sadly disappointed,—three miles from Centino, we stumbled, in a dense fog that obscured every thing a few yards ahead, upon Aquapendente, an odd old fashioned town, on the brow of a hill,—a line of low black buildings stretched along, with a stream of water (dependant on heavy rains,) coursing along its top, and tumbling down its sides, forms a pretty cascade, and gives the name to the place. A few hours before we arrived, two horses neglected by the guide, had fallen from the road at this very eminence, and landed on the plain fifty or sixty feet below,—stunned and bruised, but not yet dead. We paid a *paul* here for passport, and drove in a hard rain through this first of papal towns that I have seen,—how different to the snuggeries of Tuscany! Narrow dirty streets,

low black houses, and every object had a burnt to a cinder sort of look. We managed to get on five miles farther to St. Lorenzo, and all hands were so disheartened by the storm, that we "hove to." The Hungarian and the Norwegian were for continuing the journey to Bolsena, but we tender hot house plants outvoted these storm kings, and hauled into port. Seated in a chimney corner with a sparkling fire to look into, and form pictures in the smoke, is the way to meet a storm,—there is some little music in its pattering against the window, and whistling round the house top, but having it beating in your bones,—in that, there is more of rheumatism and catarrh than poetry.

Dined at seven o'clock on meagre dishes, but laughed and chatted over and at them, so 'twas a pleasant dinner after all. Beds,—fleas!—next morning we had no milk for coffee, as the bad weather had kept the cows from home, so we started in high dudgeon, but we had hardly gone a half mile, before the lake of Bolsena in its ravishing beauties broke upon us, and every brow was instantly unclouded, and the cows and milk forgotten. We rode along its borders for some miles admiring its islands and their fortifications, when suddenly "Bolsena slumbering on Volsinii," standing bolt upright on a bold pile of rock, was before us. We did not pass through it, but outside of its walls, and for picturesqueness

the old thing is unmatchable,—old stone steps,—wells,—unroofed houses,—quaint windows,—tubs, kettles, etc., all out of door kind of life,—R. and myself were keen for stopping to make a sketch, but we had good practical men of sense to deal with, who refused to listen to such moonshine notions,—so "drive on coachee." Came next upon St. Lorenzo Vecchio, a wide waste of the scattered ruins of an old town, many years the haunt of banditti,—nothing seen but caves in the hills and holes in the ground,—subterranean passages. It was here that Gheno di Tacco (who was knighted by the Pope for robbing his subjects in a kind and gentlemanly way,) and his band inhabited,—laying the whole country under contribution, and visiting secretly and cruelly those who attempted to put the government on their trail. How inefficient a government, when a crowd of bandits were dreaded sufficiently to go unscathed! The road is here strewn with small wooden crosses marking the spots where soldiers and travellers have been slain;—two bandits fell three months since, and a third, their companion, is now in prison. The country is flat and sterile;—passed two immense hills of basalt,—seemed at least fifty yards high, and very beautiful. One fisherman drawing his net looks like monopoly, and I suppose the Pope sells the right to the highest bidder.

At Montefiascone, ten miles from Bolsena, Mosca-

tella wine is made,—there we breakfasted at one o'clock,—the town is dingy,—filthy,—dark,—never have seen its like for dirt. Two small chickens and an omelette for six able bodied, half famished bipeds! I rushed from the table to the kitchen, followed by my indignant "compagnons du voyage," and spat out all my stock of Italian in invectives against Italian hosts in general and "mine host" in particular. He swore, it being "un giorno magro," fast day, there was nothing else in the house,—we just as loudly declared we would neither eat nor pay, unless we could get what we ordered;—at this, boiled beef, eggs in all forms of cookery, fruits, cheese, came following in fast succession,—our quarrel soon changed into a brisk fire of jokes at our host's expense, who confessed himself beaten, and he gave in his hearty laugh as chorus to our jests. Left his door, and after two miles of murky clouds and boggy roads, were set upon by a storm of wind and rain driven with such fury across the bleak campagna, that even our friend, familiar with Norwegian blasts, rolled his dull eyes in wondering dismay. This anti-Italian freak journeyed with us to Viterbo, fourteen miles from Montefiascone,—the clouds and rain prevented us from seeing other than the indistinct shapes of old castles reared on hills, looming out here and there through the *chinks* in the storm. Here at Viterbo, they had another look at our passports, and a trifle

we had to pay. To the hotel "*Aquila nera*," we were sped by our fat vetturino,—alighting, each passenger sprang for the door of the hotel—then the chase up the dark slimy steps, (what a fall I had at Pisa!) dashing over heaps of empty wine flasks and bundles of cork, up to the chambers,—what selfish creatures we are! Here was a scramble for the best bed,—each man was anxious to be the most comfortable of the party;—the Lieutenant (who but he should have been foremost?) was the victor—chose bed number one,—the old German next, and the Norwegian flanked the Dutchman. "Five beds and seven passengers," said the servant,—at that dread sound there was a rush for the two remaining beds; won in fine style by the Hungarian and Italian. My friend and myself were disposed to go out, and seek beds elsewhere, rather than be nestled with strangers;—the moment we declared our purpose, the landlord offered to shew us two beds, giving us a comprehensive wink;—knowing the rascals, we smiled and followed, and were shown into apartments almost regal,—if the Pope ever halts here, I am sure he'll get these apartments. Here was an impudent attempt (but every day occurrence,) to put us all together, and in the morning charge us not a cent less for the inconvenience; however, we got the better of the landlord, and the day after shewed our apartments, and had the laugh at our fellow travellers who had a *choice* of rooms.

Sallied forth to stroll for an hour,—many beautiful fountains adorn this town, and nothing was wanting to produce a perfect picture, but the moonlight to play upon them;—the public square has its belfry and four columns,—one column is capped by a lion, another bears a griffin, and the other two the arms of the Pope. The streets are well paved, and the slabs of the side walks after the heart of all tender footed animals,—long, black looking alleys, illuminated by a solitary lamp, glimmering in the face of a Madonna in her box,—groups of men and women in noisy confab, making night jovial with their sonorous voices and loud laughter,—two urchins taken in *flagrant delit*, being borne to "limbo," closed our hour's walk in Viterbo.

Saturday.—This being our fifth day, we should sleep in Rome, but for the bad weather occasioning our delay at St. Lorenzo. We should have slept last night at Ronciglione, thirty-four miles from Rome, but must have patience, and go into the Eternal city by daylight, which is after all an advantage. As "every thing happens for the best," our disappointment may be our gain;—by half past seven we are "en route," and at twelve at Ronciglione;—this town looks as though lately laid in ruins by fire, but 'twas bombarded, fired and pillaged thirty odd years since by the French, and few parts have been rebuilt or cleared of their rubbish. What a dead sleep seems to rest over this fair part of the earth!

"Oh! Italia, Italia non e più come era prima," is chanted by one of her sons, and is more applicable at this present time than when he (Danté) wrote.

We had made sixteen miles, and after eating heartily, started to *do* another sixteen miles, which would land us at Boccano, leaving us for to-morrow (Sunday,) a pleasant drive of eighteen miles to Rome.—Never had I encountered on land such a spell of weather,—how old Boreas howled around us, as we dragged slowly up the seven long miles of Mount Viterbo! The wind whistled shrilly, and the rain fell a cascade;—the fog was impenetrable, the driver three feet in advance of me, was sometimes almost invisible,—the quarters of the wheel horses seemed the boundaries of the fog's dominion, and once when I saw four dim dusky imps emerging from the dense vapor, the fog cleared for an instant, and my sprites were the gaunt *listeners* of our two leading asses! The mountain with the needle point on our left is Cimitro, and has its Chateau, and the lake we have on the right is Lago di Vico, (anciently Semenus,) a bituminous water, fatal to vegetation in its neighborhood.

After two hours rest, and "refreshment for man and horse," we made another sortie, and during this piece of our journey, all bedlam seemed let loose,—such drops of rain!—each of them a young Niagara!—the cabriolet, with its cracks in the glass and chinks

in the frame-work, subjected me to partial soaking about the lap and legs;—but look at the driver and his outside, passenger—will they ever want water again? —drowned rats are dry looking objects to these men. Toiled wearily up hill, and riding through a small town called Monte Rossi, (all mounts these towns,) brought us, after five hours tugging, to Boccano.—Here we alighted at a solitary looking inn—passed through its muddy, slippery entrance, (a large hall on the ground,) illuminated by a fire, around and about which groups were gathered,—they gave us a salute of Italian artillery, (the rich ribaldry of their language,) as we scampered up the flight of broad but greasy steps. I took the lead and mounted in safety, —the Lieutenant came next, but encumbered with a pair of large cloth over-boots, he stumbled and fell—the Hungarian stabber (so called from the ferocity of his threats against the banditti of this classic region,) dropped like a lover on his mistress' corpse over the officer's prostrate form, and the old Prussian, arriving at the instant, tripped amid the meleë of legs and arms that barred his passage, and added to the weight the under man was doomed to bear. I suppose ('twas too dark to see anything,) this old gentleman undid for once the everlasting smile that had rested on his face the entire journey—whether reading his guide-book or pouring over his Italian grammar—engaged in conversation or with his knife

and fork, complaining of the weather or cursing the vetturino—still the same, there it was, laying within a circle formed by two lines, beginning on either side his nose, and descending to meet one another a half inch below his heavy under lip,—there rested that eternal grin, which was a source of speculation for a day or two, but afterwards became too monotonous to interest. I saw this codger in St. Peters—was that a smile of derision and contempt with which he eyed the ponderous dome?

This night at Boccano we ate, we drank and were a merry set,—the Lieutenant had fallen at first upon the "padrona's" chamber, and was fierce a half hour after when he found his things had been removed to less comfortable quarters,—he called me to use my Italian in his cause, and I think it may be laid down as an aphorism, that a man is always more bitter, when his venom is to pass through the lips of another. All was in vain, but the landlady was less angry than is usual,—I suppose she saw the Lieutenant's pertinacity in attempting to retain her room, a compliment to her remaining charms;—however he was well fixed,—the "bimbo bravo" came to his aid, and the "scaldino bene" was practised. We had promised ourselves an egg nog to-night with the remains of the Lieutenant's supply of brandy, but he retired suddenly, and took his bottle with him.

Nov. 27. Sunday Morning.—Started from a deep

sleep at seven o'clock by a loud knock of the *camiciere*,—I, not disposed to rise, lay quiet,—R. is roused and gathering *wakefulness* enough to breathe out, "lasciata una candella a la porta," snores again,—half an hour after our officer plies the door furiously with his foot, and orders peremptorily that we "turn out all hands." I receive the list boots as a memento from our Lieutenant,—take our coffee, am liberal to the *camiciere* as we draw near Rome, and take our seats for the last stage.

During the first mile we met nothing but the "vettura" filled with actors, but just after having passed the seventeenth mile stone, I saw something I took for an old tree. It was an effect produced by fogs and clouds flitting in curious whirls about old Rome, and giving that wavey form to St. Peters! "Ecce St. Pietro," said the driver, and at half past eight o'clock I raised my hat seventeen miles off (not off my head) to St. Peter, and he seemed by a decided inclination to acknowledge the compliment. On the holy Sabbath day, on the "Via Caccia," I had caught my first glimpse of that temple, which of all others is most worthy the Being to whose worship it is dedicated! Here the *campagna* north of the city begins, and at first sight I likened it to an immense southern plantation, but as we neared the city, and the tombs (of Nero and others,) and remnants of castles and villas

crowded the scene, all resemblance ceased, and the campagna was new to me—wild, prostrate, lonely image of desolation! We rolled on, and passing many a splendid villa's gate, now closed with masonry, we crossed the Tiber at Monte Malle, (so famed for Constantine's victory, "by this sign thou shalt conquer,") and were at Rome in the "Piazza* del Popolo." Here we paid *one paul* (about *ten cents*,) to be examined, instead of going to "dogana;" and drove to Hotel d'Allemande, where we were "sans ceremonie" disgorged from the voiture—all confusion. I saw Mr. H——, and hailed him ere we alighted,—scoured—dressed—ate—drank—strolled with R—— to Monte Pinchio, saw the French Academy, Claude Lorraine's house and Salvator Rosa's. Met the Lieutenant, went together to "Caffé Greco," where Angelo and Raphael took their coffee, and Thorwaldsen and De Veaux take theirs!—Then to to Mr. H——'s at Hotel de l'Europe, met our Consul Mr. Greene, and Mr. Crawford, the Sculptor—passed a delightful evening, and returned to our room to sleep in the bosom of the former mistress—of the world!

Nov. 28, 29, 30. These three days have been devoted to room seeking, and it has given me a fair opportunity of seeing how things are managed behind the curtain. The stranger is first struck with

* *Piazza*—Public Square.

the loathsomeness of the entrances to the houses, except the palaces at present occupied by the descendants of those who built them, and can afford to occupy them exclusively, and the churches;—but he is surprised, after passing through a broad vestibule of filthiness, mounting steps, broad and easy to ascend, but easier to descend, so foul and slippery—to be ushered into rooms of splendid dimensions—high ceilings, rich furniture—frescoes ornamenting every corner, and oil pictures hanging from the walls,—drawing rooms for princes truly,—suites of apartments that make sixty and seventy dollars a month appear a reasonable demand. Almost every house has its court yard, or its terrace, or piazza, or fountain, flowers and vines in rich profusion. It is from the back windows of upper stories that you see *into* Rome,—more real life in the city, and picturesqueness of architectural effect, than we can see otherwise,—strangely formed pillars,—steps or stairs of most fantastic curls, newly washed clothes stretched on a line from the top of one house to another, forming a rainbow in colour and shape,—a washer woman up to her thorax in suds,—a smart house-wife preparing her own and her husband's meal, and through a half open window, a black-eyed beauty is putting her lovely form in stays,—it is a rich and variegated picture. There seems to be a painter genius in every family,—in each house some neatly

framed abortion was pointed out to me, by the fond landlady mother as the pastime of "il mio figlio,"—but now the search is over. R—— is in quarters near the "Piazza del Popolo," at eight dollars per month, and I at No. 23, Via Rossella, paying six—both of us complaining at our hard fate, in not being able to please ourselves better.

I have no fire place—(though I hope for one,)—no carpet in *my parlor*—the entrance dark, crooked, and boggy,—myriads of fleas are frolicking about me, and a giant chinché eyeing me even now, and feasting in anticipation on the blood of a descendant of the Huguenots.

Dec. 1.—Began to-day to "see sights"—painter like, *Borghese* nearest, and thither I went,—thence to the *Corsini;*—the *Pitti* palace collection at Florence is so fresh in my memory, that every other must fail to satisfy at first visit. *Danæ* of Corregio is my favourite at Borghese, and Murillo's *Madonna and Child* at the Corsini. Went after these visits to *St. Peters.* Mr. Fenimore Cooper is the only man I ever heard of, who was not at first glance disappointed in its *apparent* size;—the immense arcades that stretch out on either side gave a crampedness to the body of the building—it seemed hedged in between two armies of pillars!—approach slowly—recover your startled senses, and think for a moment,—but you must reduce yourself to a reasonable fit, as the firmament is much

larger,—St. Peters is small comparatively,—compare a man standing at the base of a column of the church to one of the statues on its top—the man seems an atom—a speck against the pillar—the figure *on the church* seems scarcely a man's height—it is seventeen or nineteen feet! You must enter into all this to realize its perfection,—it is this same justness of proportion—exact adaptation of parts to the whole, that constitutes its charm, and lead us to rejoice after some weeks acquaintance, that St. Peters is as it is, and not as our foolish imaginings had represented it—a strange fantastic oddity that no architect ever has reared or ever will build. When you arrive at the door of the church, turn round and look back upon the square,—how much larger it appears than when the building filled your eye, and obliged other objects to look small! I entered the holy precincts—how beautiful!—the first object that caught my eye, as the door opened, was the shell of holy water, supported by two infants,—they looked for all the world like babes, and yet the men and women walking about them were smaller,—my eye caught that in one moment, and the next, St. Peters, in all its vastness as well as beauty, was present to me,—it seemed *to expand suddenly,* and now no effort of mine can make it appear less—all description on canvass or paper (the best picture is in the Louvre,) is fruitless—rank madness—nothing is like unto it,—for twelve

months I have been familiar with the Duomo at Florence, and had *learnt* to form a favourable opinion of its size and beauty, but to-day, whilst walking about in this Roman edifice, (I must have grown some,) I felt that I could toss the Florentine into the *air* of the Roman, and catch it in my hand like a rubber ball!—*Notre Dame de Paris* would make a snug confessional box in one of the transepts.*

The beggars, the filth and the bagpipers before the Virgin's shrines, are the Roman bores—these mendicants, when no one is near, are as joyous and witty and gay spirited as young lords, but the moment a strange sail heaves in sight, all changes in an instant—crooked shin-bones—disjointed wrists—and a dozen other deformities are presented as incentives to your charity.

December 2.—I went with Lieut. C— to the top of the Campodoglio, and had a splendid panoramic view of Rome—the seven hills of antiquity and the four of later days distinctly visible,—with the blue Mediterranean only fourteen miles distant,—descended and paid four "biocchi" to see the "Tarpeian Rock." Job help me! looking over the wall of a garden down on the sheds of modern two story houses,

* "The internal length of the Church is 613 feet; the height to the top of the cross, 430; the length of its transepts, 445; and the height of its main isle, 150 feet. The building covers nearly six acres of ground. Three centuries have passed in its completion, and it has cost sixty millions of dollars."—Rome, *by a New-Yorker*.

eighteen or twenty feet below is all left of *it;*—to the Forum where one sees the remains of temples——"*Jupiter Tonans*" three columns—"*Temple of Fortune*" eight columns—"*Temple of Concord*" nothing! —and the arch of "*Septimus Severus*"—the column of Phocas is within thirty yards—one hundred yards farther, three columns of the temple of "*Jupiter Stator,*" and still another hundred yards, and you are at "*Titus's Arch.*" "*The Temple of Peace*" is between these two last objects, on the other side of the "*via;*" —pursuing your way along the "via sacra," you cover about three or four hundred yards, when the temple of *Venus* on the left, Constantine's arch on the right, and the *Coliseum* in front, all burst on your weary train.

In this stroll I saw for the first time the beautiful column of *Trajan*, (the model of the Vendome at Paris,) and the fountain of *Trevi.* Whilst looking down from the steeple of the Campodoglio upon Rome, my companion warmed into a classic fit, and bringing up from the bottom of his pockets notes and memoranda of history gathered from Goldsmith and others, as his memory freshened at the perusal, he would glance from one scene to another, till I was deluged in declamation,—flinging his arms into the air and stretching himself so far over the railing, as to induce me to wrap the skirt of his coat around my hands to ensure his safety,—he pointed to the spot

where "Cæsar's body lay,"—passed to Lucrezia the chaste, and Virginia the innocent,—Camillus pausing to look back upon the city, from whence he was issuing a banished man; and had got as far into his story, as to be busily engaged with the Goths and Vandals in sacking Rome over again, when the old attendant cut short the oration by declaring that the "Signore" had detained him too long, as his wife waited his presence for dinner,—poor old man! your lack of patience lost you that day at least a liberal fee,—none of the after bows and smiles could make atonement for an offence so great.

Dec. 3.—Thorwaldsen's *Studio*,—the master spirit is not in Rome, but in Copenhagen, superintending the arrangement of a collection of his works,—he was born at that place. There is some talk of his returning here for a short time, and I may yet see this greatest of moderns,—for excepting Michael Angelo, nothing since the ancients equals him. His "*Christ and twelve Apostles*," colossal figures, and "*John preaching in the wilderness*," a group of sixteen figures the size of nature, are the great achievments of modern sculpture,—wonderful man!—from the quiet solemnity of the apostles, he turns to work out the maddening revels of a bacchanalian group, and it seems the work of enchantment,—surely he but wills it, and the clay assumes the form!* *Doria Palace*,—

* Thorwaldsen died at Copenhagen in March, 1844. His funeral was attended by the King and Princes in deep mourning, and the honors to his

richest in pictures of all the galleries here, except the Vatican. Salvator Rosa's, "*Murder of Abel*," and *two* large landscapes of Claude, are *the gems.* Titian's and Vandyke's splendid! Copying was once freely and generously permitted by the prince, but a painter,—a gallows-dog,—wiped his palette knife in the silk curtains of the chamber, and now no copying except by favour through some of the owner's private friends is ever granted.

Dec. 5.—*Pantheon.* The sudden rushing up of this Dome, and taking the eye and mind along into the heavens, is the finest thing in architecture I know of,—such a lifting up I never felt,—I was startled into something like nervousness,—felt like flying round the old glorious temple a turn or two, and shooting through its aperture! It is the most perfect of the Roman temples,—built twenty-seven years B. C.*

The Vatican closed to-day, (and Thursday a *festa*) because a balloon ascension (the second in Rome!) takes place at three o'clock, and as the government is concerned in the speculation, it is so arranged that no good excuse can be made for staying away,—*two pauls* a head entrance,—every body there,—the

memory were of the most distinguished character. The King subscribed twenty-five thousand dollars towards his monument.

* It is now sacred as the burial place of Raphael, "the prince of painters,"—under whose bust is the celebrated inscription by Cardinal Bembo,

——"Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et morienti, mori."

fellow rose about one hundred yards, and came down again, and ridding himself of coat, boots, etc. etc., he rose again, and after ten minutes cavorting, landed safely (more than I expected) near St. Peters, and all the coaxing could not get him up a third time.

Began drawing from the life to-night at the American Academy,—R——, T——, L—— and myself. For many days I have been wandering about Rome, seeking no particular "lion to kill," but encountering many,—the churches, fountains, obelisks, all enter into these desultory walks, which I prefer to a regular drive to some chosen point, which either disappoints, or is inaccessible, or where a servant's fees or his gibberish make one testy. What store houses, or rather *tombs*, of fine pictures some of these churches are! There are in the catalogue of painters a certain set of names well known and deservedly so,—these are in the memories of all travellers, and pictures bearing such names as their authors, all gazed at and admired, but how many paintings there are here, without a name, which for composition or drawing or Chiaro oscuro, and sometimes all combined, the greatest masters might be proud to have produced! Yesterday I saw a picture of the "*Martyrdom of St. Andrew*," that looked as though Salvator had drawn and Rubens had coloured it, but no name,—this is fame! After *St. Peters*, the Church of *St. Paul*, erected on the spot where that

apostle suffered, is the largest and most beautiful,—twenty years ago it was nearly consumed by fire,—it has never been completed,—and another century perhaps will find it imcomplete. St. John in Lateran is my other favourite, and then St. Maria Maggiore. In *St. Paul's*, (which for size is next to St. Paul's in London,) I saw a picture by *Cammuccini*, the "*Conversion of the Saint,*"—well drawn, but so formal and common in design and crude in colour, as to fail completely in interest,—nothing original or new in it;—a picture by Mr. Severn, an Englishman, is far more poetic and spiritual, though indifferently drawn.

Thursday, Dec. 15. Lieut. C—— had a ticket for *St. Peters*, and took me with him;—this gentleman is in good odour at the palace,—he had two days since an interview with the Pope, who took his hand! and gave him a silver medal of himself, and a crucifix for his mother,—both Catholics of course. We had a favourable day and basked in the sun on old St. Peters' top. I mounted to measure myself by one of the statues on this eminence, and my head reached the knee pan! I spanned *a foot*, (and my span is nearly a foot,) and 'twas five of them! there was no limit to these old builders, and what a top-knot has Michael Angelo swung in the air! The Lieutenant and I penetrated the ball!—were anxious to get out upon the cross and *bawl*, but this was forbidden, as accidents had happened,—so we sate

together in this brazen globe, where twenty might be accommodated, and gazed for a while on things beneath,—and chatted away with the confidence of men feeling themselves far above all mischievous eaves-droppers.

Descended and entered the Vatican (my second visit) together. Why is this collection not open to the public every day?—no man's lifetime is enough to taste of all the treasures here shut up,—why confine it to Mondays and Thursdays? *Apollo*,—*Laocoon*,—*Meleager*,—*The Transfiguration of Raphael*,—and Domenichino's "*St. Jerome*," with some *thousands* of other fine works so niggardly dealt out,—Louis Philippe manages the thing better,—the "*Loggia*"* of Raphael, and above all his "*Battle of Constantine*" and "*the fire at* ——," went far beyond all calculation, and one feels willing to acknowledge that he is "the prince of painters,"—his cabinet and oil pictures are mere child's play to these frescoes.

Wednesday, Dec. 21. After three weeks of vexatious disappointment, I commenced work to-day in the *Colonna* Palace;—two notes I have had the Consul to write, but nothing except money will open doors that servants are masters of; if I had found out that secret sooner, I would have saved much time. The master will send you a written permission, but leaves the rest to the domestic, and he

* An arcade whose roof and wall are painted by Raphael.

never has a place unoccupied, till he has felt the weight of two or three dollars,—the extreme modesty of these creatures prevents their telling you this, and you may go back and forward, from time to the end of time, unless you chance to learn from some other source the existence of this hateful custom; it is frightful, to a painter at least, the power of these rascals,—how a master can entrust so much, is more than I can fathom. Doubtless, many an artist has left Rome, after remaining a week or two despairing of ever being admitted, not knowing that even with the *master's* consent in his pocket, it is to the *man* he is to look for favor, and that bolts fly back and pictures dive from the walls at the magical tones of two clinking *scudi*,—what will not villainous gold effect in this selfish, bad world! But the trouble is over, and here I am in my chamber, made snug by the addition of a carpet, and fire-place gouged in the wall. I have paid five dollars for about a half cord of wood, which will of course last the winter: what, winter in Rome? Really until yesterday I have never wanted a fire, and can hardly now realize my friends at home "breaking the ice,"—W—— to get an old english drake, and the doctor to "better or worse" a pleurisy. There is no humbug in this climate,—I have been a sceptic in the matter, but these last three weeks have "fixed my notions," and the bluest skies, and softest airs, and rosiest sun-sets,

all, all make Rome their home. Here is the home of nature and of art!

St. Onifrio, the retreat and death and burial place of Tasso, is a convent on the west side of the Tiber, and giving a charming view of Rome;—the chapel is burthened with monuments to the illustrious dead, but the poet's name stands pre-eminent. A small marble slab marks the spot where his bones lay, and in the wall over it is another marble, bearing his portrait, and a record of his renown,—in the library is seen the cast in wax taken from his face after death, and a few articles that belonged to him,—the splendid oak he planted was blown down last year, and as the rage for making snuff boxes, and other like valuable presents, from the planting of great men, has passed away, with the exception of the parts that have been burnt by the fraternity, it is still lying on the ground. This in England, and planted by a Shakspeare or Milton, would be a perfect fortune,—I shall I think, take a *log* on speculation! it's worth may yet become known before the whole trunk is "cast into the fire."

It was in 1586 that Tasso was liberated from the mad-house of Ferrara, where the Duke Alfonso had been obliged to place him, and in 1595 he was found dead in his chamber, the night preceding the day on which he was to have been publicly crowned. You may go to the door of this room and read the inscrip-

tion over it, but none are permitted to pass its threshold—the door seems hermetically sealed.

Christmas-eve. Went to St. Peters—wanted to go into the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope was to be present at a mass, but had not found time to go home for my dress coat, and could not pass in a frock;—went into the church and heard the vespers, barely heard them, the travellers chiefly English, walking, talking and laughing, so independently. One was a beautiful French woman, with an awkward long chinned husband—I prevented her little ponies from running off with her (knowing animals, those Shetlands, to *run away* with such a woman!) one day, but she don't cog the salvatore to-day—n'importe,—I would save her every day in the year, just to see those eyes, so beautifully sparkling in their alarm.

At 8 o'clock, p. m., I went to Mr. S——'s room, with T—— and E——. We had a bottle of good brandy, eggs, sugar, plates and tumblers. I served them up an *egg-nog*, to which they were strangers, but took wonderfully to it on first acquaintance, and "killed it with kindness;"—R—— joined us, and we were all kind to each other. I went home and retired at twelve o'clock, but at three was on foot again, to be present at St. Maria Maggiore, to witness the *procession of the cradle and infant*,—one of the things you are told you must see. It assuredly is a *duty*,—

a chant by the ordinary attendants, and a large glass cradle with silver gilt trappings and a golden baby, the size of life, borne under a satin canopy by several priests, is a flat affair for Rome. I met there Messrs. S—— and M——, they had been at St. Louis des Francais at twelve o'clock, and were even worse treated at that place, having "heard a little music and seen nothing." Returning home at six in the morning, I met my four egg-nog friends, urging their way towards the church, shewing, by their drowsy looks, that they had slept too long to see the show at the church before next year.

Dec. 25.—Christmas day. Took a carriage for *three pauls* in the Piazza di Spagna, and went to St. Pietro's,—the whole road was lined with carriages going and returning,—had two Cardinals in advance of me,—each drives two carriages, one for Secretary, &c. After being an hour in the multitude at St. Peters, the clock struck *ten*,—the music struck up, and from the first chapel on the right of the door, (which was temporarily hung with curtains to conceal what was behind,) issued the Pope. He was seated in a gold and crimson chair, and borne upon the shoulders of twelve men, all in crimson dresses,—the Pope in white, with the jewelled diadem over his old, good natured looking phiz. A canopy, supported by four men, and two large *fans*, carried one on each side of him, (no flies, but fleas very lively,) and a file of

soldiers, were preceded by the Cardinals and other dignitaries;—turned in towards the chapel of the Saint—sacrament for a minute—then moved on, and deposited their holy burden between the grand altar and the "Confession" or sepulchre of St. Peter. The old man walked toward the Sepulchre, and kneeling, prayed,—all knelt—then walked to a chair, covered with white satin, and taking his seat, the Cardinals approached one by one, bowed, bent and kissed the extended hand;—after them another grade followed, who kissed the hem of his garment,—then another still, who went down to the foot, and smacked the handsome white satin shoe of the good man,—music always going,—at least one hundred and fifty kisses. This over, the Pope was accompanied to another seat, reared under the great altar,—the back ground to his white satin chair, rich red velvet curtains, sustained by six gilded angels, each four feet high, whilst a seventh, bearing a crown, is in the act of descending to place it upon the Pope's head;—then followed a variety of forms, all done to splendid music —various cups and plates, etc. etc., were borne from the sepulchre to the Pope, who seemed to bless them, and then they were carried off. The whole concluded by the Pope at the "Confession" being "incensed" by the oldest Cardinal, who was served by the Pope in turn, etc. etc.—then he mounted his seat, and was borne out as he had entered. It

occupied two hours and a half. There were temporary seats for the ladies, (they all seemed strangers,) who were all in black with a veil on their heads, and the gentlemen were all in black, full dress,—unless this is attended to, you cannot pass in the church beyond the sepulchre of St. Peter. Military and civil officers go in uniform,—the English red predominant, —richest colour and finest looking men,—several officers from our Mediterranean squadron, and a military colonel from Michigan,—the Swiss guard of the Pope in full uniform (designed by M. Angelo,) the body cased in armour, and the helmet of steel, with the two handed sword,—the splendid satins and silks and laces of the Cardinals and other officials,— the different costumes of the various attendants, all mingling together, formed a scene that I feared only fancy had pictured, but here the glorious reality was before me, and now it is more like a splendid dream than something I have really seen. I almost fear to see more of it, lest this sweet, dreamy, uncertain state should become too palpable from familiarity.

Dec. 26, 27. The custode of the Colonna palace takes holiday, so I have spent these two days among the *tombs*. There are in Rome three hundred and sixty churches,—to see them all is impossible for me, —time is too precious. The most remarkable for architectural beauty, or as the depôt of any great works of art, or the burial place of a great man, are

so well known, that it is easy to find and see all that is most interesting. With my guide book under my arm, I have in two days peeped into two score of them, and in each one have I found some work of art fitted for a painter's study—not only Raphaels—Guercinos—Marattas—Cortonas—Domenichinos and a host of other fine things, without great names to recommend them. The Chapel of St. Ignace, in the Church of Christ, has the most sumptuous display of rich marbles and precious stones in the same space to be found in any church,—two angels support a globe of *Lapis-lazuli!* the largest known piece extant. The drapery of the figures is of surprising beauty; and the marble groups on either side, by Teodame and Legros, are very splendid. At *St. Pietro in Vincoli* sits clothed in the majesty that Angelo could so well depict, the stern old lawgiver Moses, and amid the sarcastic shafts of wits that have been shot at the ample beard and glory crowned head, the offended guide of Israel, wrapped in the consciousness of true greatness, still looks undismayed. Death came ere Angelo had finished even that figure, (as may be seen by the right hand and mastoid muscle of the neck,) and how far inferior are the other figures placed there by Raphael de monte Lupo! Angelo's design is carried out,—Julius II., it is erected to. *St. Augustine* has a single figure, a fresco by Raphael, representing the prophet Isaiah,

a fine picture by Guercino, and a virgin and baby in marble, more thickly strewn with presents of pictures, pistols, knives and other knicknacks, than I suppose any careful mother would be willing to have about a child. Here is the oldest cupola in Rome, of the fourteenth century.

St. Andrew of Mount Cavallo, is a beautiful little pantheon. In *St. Apostles* is a monument by Canova to Clement XIV ;—the figure of Clement is grand, and the figure to his right, leaning on the urn, is a *chef d'ouvre*—the sitting figure is as bad as the one in the same church to his friend Volpato. In *ara Cœli* place of the Capitol is a beautiful interior—the long line (sixty-five or seventy) of red granite columns on either side, and its gilded roof, make a rich show. Pinterucchio has here some of his best frescoes, restored by Cammuccini. *St. Catherine of Siena* and *St. Domenic* opposite, are both worth a visit,—one for its frescoes by a pupil of Raphael, (Timothy della Vite,) and the other because it is not *far* off. *St. Sylvester* on the *Quirinal* has frescoes by Domenichino. The Church of *St. Louis*, built by the French in 1587, has a great "*Assumption*," by Bassano, some of Domenichino's best frescoes, a copy by Guido of Raphael's *St. Cecilia*, and two splendid pictures by M. Angelo Caravaggio. There is here a monument to Sigalon, who copied Angelo's "*Last Judgment*," (seven years labor,) for the French

government, and a full statue in white marble, erected by Louis Philippe to Claude Lorraine. These Frenchmen will have the best or nothing,—"aut Cæsar aut nullus."

St. Trinity is another of their constructions, built by Charles VIII. of France, in 1494. Louis XVIII. repaired and re-opened it. "*The assumption of the Virgin*" here, is by Daniel de Volterra,—M. Angelo's portrait, the man who points towards the virgin;—"*Magdalen at the feet of Christ*," by Julio Romano;—the great "*Taking down from the Cross*" of Volterra, under M. Angelo's directions. This is the church of the adjoining convent of the "sisters of the heart," who occupy themselves in the education of young ladies.

But the last visit I paid to-day was to the prison, from which St. Peter was miraculously led by the angel. I was led into this subterraneous cell by the garrulous *custode*, and had the miracle explained with all the impassioned fervor of a true believer. Descending into the pit (which is done by candle light,) you meet the roughly hewn profile of an old man's head, carefully covered over with iron grating, and this is the impression made in the wall by St. Peter's *hard visage*,—(a blow from the heavy fist of a Roman soldier is said to have occasioned this rude likeness.) The opening above through which the light first streamed in on the apostle's solitude, has its grate

also, and the place in the wall through which he creeped to meet the angel outside the city wall, (for this the guide assured me was the case,) has a door of iron, barred and locked,—if there is an aperture, neither sceptic nor believer can say. I plucked an antique cobweb from the wall, and it lies in my guide book, a memento of this dismal excursion.

Dec. 31. For the last four days I have been too hard at work to see any thing, but this afternoon at four o'clock, went to the Church of Jesus, and witnessed, at the beautiful chapel of *St. Ignace*, the ceremony of taking leave of the old year, and thanksgiving for the blessings enjoyed, and prayers for a continuance of them the year to come. The Pope officiated,—the music I enjoyed more than usual,—there was all the mournfulness of an adieu in all the tones, and impressed me sensibly with a feeling of death;—how rapidly the imposing and solemn splendor of this religion grows on one! I must leave Italy, or some day find myself a deserter from my own family, and bowing to the forms of this fascinating worship.

January 1*st*, 1843. All hail, thou day of good resolutions,—which are never kept! I rose this morning and had nothing *new* to put on,—this is an old superstitious custom of mine, and I am vexed that I forgot yesterday, to furnish me something.

Went to the Church of "*In ara cœli*,"—and saw

the real infant Jesus that St. Luke coloured and varnished!! It is the full size of nature, (in marble,) decked in the richest swaddling clothes, and laying in a manger. This is a pleasing exhibition, and arranged exactly on the plan of a scene on the stage of the play house;—a wing of the church is the theatre,—in the foreground is the babe, and over it, hang Joseph and the virgin, clad in brightest colours, and painted to the life,—groups of shepherds with their presents have arrived, and are worshipping,—the back ground is an extensive country, and figures and groups are placed at different removes from the eye, hastening toward the Christ, and as far as one can see, crowds are observed winding along the vale and hills, descending to visit the Saviour;—then above is a crowd of angels, and the Father in their midst,—all the principal figures are the size of life, well carved and painted, and with the church darkened and this group so illuminated, that the eye sees not from whence the artificial light proceeds, the effect is magical. These Catholic priests are all painters in feeling, and get up these sights in so wondrous and impressive style, as not only fill the ignorant with awe, and impose on the credulity of the weak, but draw admiration from the crowds of intelligent travellers, who cannot but admire the ingenuity that accomplishes so much.

After six weeks of such weather as I have never

met elsewhere,—a succession of the loveliest, the balmiest days that Italy only can furnish, we have to-day to begin '43 with, a dark, rainy, miserable time, and here I am before my fire of two sticks, (each twelve inches long because my chimney is too small to admit larger,) kindled only after a half hour's application, and the consuming of at least one cent's worth of cane and grape vine.

January 2. An Italian day,—old Rome is proud of her reputation, and won't let a cloud obscure her blue sky for more than twenty-four hours at a time.

Jan. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Alternately cloudy and clear; painting steadily at the Colonna palace, and drawing at night,—a little fire comfortable at home, but engaged in the day I never think of it, and have none where I work. Friday was a *festa*, (pasqua,)—I went yesterday to visit "*Marie degli Angeli*," one of M. Angelo's triumphs,—the round vestibule at the entrance is one of the chambers of Diocletian's baths which occupied this site,—a Greek cross is the form adopted by Angelo. Salvator Rosa's and Carlo Maratti's tombs are here.

Jan. 9. At the Propaganda from three to five o'clock, listening to *forty-eight* different languages, spoken in turn by the students of the institution,—each occupied about three to five minutes,—Mr. Jeremiah Cummings from Washington city, said his *say* in Latin, and was loudly applauded, and Mr. D. J.

McIntyre of Charlottestown, in the Celtic tongue, were the two Americans. Three or four coal black skins were among them, and the Ethiopian's language agreeably surprised me,—the "vulgar Greek," and the *Spanish* and *Italian* certainly bore off the palm for sweetness of sound,—the "bulgarico" and "concanico" and "armino vulgare," were never meant for ears polite,—such violent jerkings of the human voice, a sort of hop, step and jump snapping in *two* of monosyllables. If I am here next year I'll not forget to visit Babel again,—to go or send to the secretary for a ticket is sufficient. I understand a Mr. Carr of South Carolina, is at the establishment.

Jan. 17. The festa of *St. Antonio Abbate*, the enamoured of swine and other animals. Went to see the sprinkling of beasts,—an old officiate sate at a table in the church, (the singers exerting their lungs all the while,)—at a table before him was a small box of change;—whenever a carriage drove up to the door an attendant entered, and paid some three or four *pauls* to this jolly looking friar, who handing him his change and a printed receipt, stalked to the door, mumbled a few mysterious words, and shook his wet mop over the horses, carriage and occupant,—but this is poor sport,—it lasts eight days, and Sunday is the *rich* time, the Cardinals, Bishops, &c. &c., so I am to see the sight yet,—patience for five days.

Jan. 21. *St. Agnes*,—went to her Church, two miles outside the gate Pia, and after listening to the mass "pontificale,"—splendid it was,—at least an hour of the best singing to be got in Rome, some of the St. Celilia members being engaged,—I saw the "benediction of the lambs,"—two little animals borne on velvet cushions, decked with flowers and crowned with gay wreaths, were brought into the church, laid on the altar, (feet tied of course,) and after being addressed in Latin, (clever sheep if they comprehended it,) and sprinkled with holy water, were taken away to be fleeced,—the wool made into tippets, (pallii,) which the Pope sends as presents to several chosen Archbishops. A singular scene, at least to a heretic's eye, occurred at the conclusion of the ceremony.—As the priests carried the lambs forth, the people ranged themselves so as to make an alley for their egress, and each true believer, as the animal passed within his or her reach, plucked a piece of wool from its tender side,—what a running of the gauntlet! Midst all this pinching, this "cruelty to animals," not one complaining bleat escaped, so patient were the lambs. To Rospigliosi palace, and looked a long long time at Guido's "*Aurora*,"—except "*Hercules and the Centaur Nessus*," in the Louvre at Paris, I have *as yet* seen nothing of Guido's that ranks him in my esteem among the greatest; but these are two masterly compositions, and in the whole range of

art, I remember no two pictures where *movement* is so happily expressed;—there is in the "Aurora" a perfect *rush* for the "other side of sunset,"—the wheel of the chariot is unfortunately standing fast, but is only perceptible to us fault-finding daubers. I have never heard the critique, but it is too true. The drawing and harmony of colour are equal to the conception,—the two first faces to the left of the spectator are Raphaelesque and beautiful, "*Apollo's head*," the least satisfactory of all,—the flying child as breezy as a summer cloud,—the horses are grouped naturally and their undefined or uncertain colour adds wonderfully to the effect of light;—dazzled by the blaze of sunshine the eye strives to give them a palpable tint, but fails in the effort. "*Christ and twelve Apostles*," by Rubens, half lengths,—noble heads, fully worthy of their author;—a *Bacchante* reclining on an empty flask by Pouissin, is a gem;—"*Sampson pulling down the Temple*," by Ludovico Carracci, is grand in composition of lines, and mighty in execution;—"*Adam and Eve*," surrounded by birds, beasts, etc. etc., by Domenichino, is curious for its wonderful working out of animals.

Sunday, 22d Jan. I saw to-day three pictures by a German artist, painted for the King of Holland, and a design for "*John preaching*," for the same royal personage,—all clever;—the "*Emigration*"—the "*Sister of Charity*,"—how sweet that child that kisses her

hand!—and "*Filial Affection*;"—the sucking babe *beats* Raphael. The painter's name is Kreuseman.

Last night I witnessed the "Tableaux vivans," by the best of the Roman models;—Poetry,—Justice,—Philosophy,—Moses found of Raphael,—"Seven lean and fat years," by Werbeck,—Judgment of Solomon,—and "Niobe;"—a pleasant evening,—the company composed of four hundred, English, French and Germans principally, at the Theatre "argento." These exhibitions fix the picture more lastingly in one's mind;—I shall make it a point to attend such places whenever I have the opportunity,—how much such a representation in nature leaves us to deplore the inadequacy of art! Raphael never looked so well as last night.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—I went to-day to visit Cardinal Fesch's gallery in Via Giulia—upwards of three thousand pictures!—Rubens' "*Adoration of the Magi*,"—Rembrant's "*John preaching*," in black and white,—his mother's head and others,—"*Last judgment*" of Tintoretto,—"Four Saints,"—and "*Madonna and Child*," by Pordonone equal to Titian;—some of the best Teniers' I ever saw,—two charming Vandykes.

On my route to the Cardinal's palace, *Falconieri*, I saw the old palace of the once powerful family of the *Mattei*, now extinct, and on entering the court yard, found the sides of the palace crusted with ex-

quisite specimens of Grecian sculpture,—alto relievos principally;—what pickings for a painter's port folio!

Saw in the Piazza di Tartarughi a beautiful fountain—four figures support the basin, and from off the hand of each a tortoise is walking into the water,—the hands seem raised as if with the object of placing the animals in the water, and not to support the basin. I visited St. Carlo in Catinari, built in 1612. Lanfranco has painted the ceiling of the great altar, and a picture of the "*Annunciation.*" Pietro di Cortone *a procession*, and a clever fresco is here by Guido. The four cardinal virtues by Domenichino, are the best things except Sacchi's "*Death of St. Anne,*" the virgin's mother.

Strolled toward *St. Pietro in Montorio*, on the hill Janicule, and from the plat in front of the church had the most splendid view of Rome I have yet fallen upon. In the church is M. Angelo's design and Piombo's painting of "*Christ whipped,*" and other paintings of his around it,—Vasari's "*Conversion of St. Paul,*"—"*John Baptist,*" by Volterra,—Raphael's "*Transfiguration*" was over the altar before the Vatican received it, painted for this congregation, who now receive a pension in place of it. The temple raised by Bramantè on the spot where St. Peter was massacred, in the enclosure of this church, is a perfect specimen of beauty,—the fountain two hundred yards above this edifice, is not to compare with my

old acquaintance that I pass daily on my way to the Colonna palace—the fountain of Trevi.

Sciarra Palace. "*The Gamblers of Caravaggio*,"—"*Vanity and Modesty*," by Da Vinci,—the "*Violin Player*," by Raphael,—the "*Titian's Mistress*," has been entirely ruined by "repairs," or else Titian never saw it;—the drapery is very well, but far inferior in its way to any thing by Titian that I am privy to;—the "Past," the "Present" and "Future," all three figures armed with bows and arrows, by Valentine, are well drawn and painted.

Palazza *Spada.* Two heads, children, by Correggio, in the same picture,—the "*Visitation*," by Andrea del Sarto,—a beautiful picture of "*Winter*," by Teniers, and a "*Girl*," by Guercino, a back view, head all in shadow, are *chef d'ouvres.* The rest of the pictures, like the contents of some other galleries, are mere trash, and better things may be found in picture cleaners' shops. The first great hall is said to be painted by Julio Romano,—if true, Julio has played false to himself,—bad, from first to last;—the "*Pompey*," the statue, at the base of which "Cæsar fell," is on exhibition here,—who believes it? It is a fine antique morsel, however, and may have been sprinkled with the Roman's blood,—I hope (as I have seen it,) it's the true article.

Feb. 2. *The benediction and presentation of the candles in St. Peters*, where I witnessed almost a fac

simile of the splendid pageantries of Christmas day, excepting the candles. After the ceremony, a *Te Deum* was sung for the delivery of the city from an earthquake in 1707!—it chances to be this day twelve years, since the present Pope was elected, and the sixth is the anniversary of his consecration, which is to be ushered in by the "guns of St. Angelo."

Sunday, Feb. 12. Yesterday I took my studio in the Via del Olmo, at four dollars per month, from Mr. W——, an English artist,—went to Colonna palace and brought my copy away; thence to the Rospigliosi palace with Mr. S—— to see a copy he wants to purchase. R—— goes to be presented to the Pope, with the P——s of Boston. I painted at his room till he returned, and had a conversation with my pretty model on the happiness of matrimony, —she has been married five months, and says the sweets are bitters.

Eight or ten days since, heavy rains of four or five days continuance flooded the campagna and the city as far as the Corso in the Via Rissetta,—boats by order of the government were rowing from house to house and handing in at the windows bread to the needy,—since 1805, there has been nothing like it. Sickness, and consequent suffering among the poor, follow this sad event.

J—— D—— to ———.

"Rome, Feb. 12, 1843.

* * * Once in Rome, and all is right,—henceforth, who can taunt me with that painter's reproach of not having bowed before Raphael in the '*Loggia*,' and worshipped at the shrine of Angelo in the *Sistine* Chapel?

I succeeded after ten days (the old native copyists are favoured in all the galleries of Europe, except in France and Belgium, to the injury of foreigners,) in obtaining permission to copy a picture of '*Rebecca at the well*,' by Guido, which has good three months painting in it. I shall paint another of the same size and send them from here before I leave for Venice, (1st of June,) to Mrs. H—— and Mr. P——. At Venice, I am told on all hands, I am to find the best pictures of my favourite Titian and Veronese,—and will there execute at least two for * * * and * * *. You must bear patiently with me,—if I live, the pictures will be painted. The original (those originals are improving, tell me what you think of '*Christ and Angels*' by Devo, candidly,) took me, at Florence, seven months and upwards, hard work,—so I shall make copies until I get back to Paris, which I think will be in October, and winter it there, to paint your historical picture.

I hope some day to *talk* to you about Rome, and its environs,—to write about it, I have no room,—it is not as beautiful as Florence, but how interesting every ruin! It lacks the creature comforts of its fair sister, but what food for the mind! There is no sky elsewhere, no sun-sets,—the natives talk of the severity of the winter, and rejoice that it is past! I have worked every day in an old palace, in a room twice as large as your house, and no spark of fire or fire-place is there;—snow fell one night an eighth of an inch thick, and the next day was the poetry of fine weather. I am a Roman, and am willing to take the cares of Popedom on my head, if it would insure my living always here. I came prepared to be disappointed in the high character of the winter, but I have known no winter day. Can I not persuade you to come next winter?—I'll work here instead of at Paris if you will,—the Consul has open house every Monday night, and all the Americans go there,—about fifty now in Rome.

You see by the business part of my letter, that in the day time I am copying;—at night, I draw at a small Academy, composed of the six or seven American painters at Rome. We are all new comers except two,—Mr. Terry, who, for three years has been engaged on a picture of '*Christ and the Doctors in the Temple*,'—he has been just five years here,—his picture is highly creditable,—the other is

Mr. Crawford of N. York, a sculptor, who, for eight years has been drinking at the fountain of inspiration, and has become bloated with habitual intemperance, —he is full of art and genius and application,—his great fault is his impatience of finish, and this renders the complaint generally made against the hands and feet of his works just and true;—but for poetic conception of his subject and ability to work out his imagining, he stands among the first in Rome, and is the lion of American sculpture at home and abroad. His '*Orpheus*' descending into hell after lulling with his harp Cerberus into sleep, is just finished,—the full size of life;—and goes in the spring to Boston, where you must see it, if you ever visit 'the modern Athens.'

I have been twice to see the Pope officiate at St. Peters,—have been within twenty yards of his holy person, and a more amiable, benevolent, good old face, I never saw,—he has been reigning twelve years, thus overstepping by five years, the average of the Popes (two hundred and sixty) from St. Peter down to us.

Happy and contented, breathing an atmosphere all art and beauty, my imagination often wanders to your home,—fancy ranges unchecked, and I give place and occupation to every member of the chosen coterie you have about you;—sometimes watching the merry vintagers pouring forth their rich strains of

music that lightens toil, and again seated amidst the grey old ruins of other days, as the purple shadows of the setting sun comes over them,—even then I have thought of you, happy at home, surrounded with those household joys that make a heaven of earth." * * *.

The copy after GUIDO of "*Rebecca at the well*," is now an ornament to the drawing room of Mrs. General Hampton, of South Carolina, and is a beautifully finished specimen of De Veaux's skill as a copyist. It is a rich selection of the work of that master, and a worthy representative of the gallery of the *Colonna Palace*.

I have lately had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful "*Orpheus*" of Crawford in the Boston Athenæum.* It is a successful embodiment of poetical fiction in marble, and does full justice to the opinion of the sculptor's lamented friend, with the exception that this is not amenable to the remark of the want of finish of his works. The execution is admirable and the finish very perfect. Much to the regret of all

* "The subject of Orpheus is conceived and developed in the genuine spirit of classical antiquity, but the figure is executed with the life-like reality of nature; the final model of modern as well as of ancient art. The daring lover has lulled to sleep by his magic strains the triple headed Cerberus, who crouches at his feet; he passes this barrier, and presses forward with his impatient head and heart in advance of his more sluggish feet; one hand holds the potent lyre, and the other shields his eyes from the bright day which he is quitting, and aids him in striving to penetrate into the mysteries of *Hades*, which he is about to brave in pursuit of his Eurydice. The suppressed energy of the moment produces a happy union of motion and repose, and the action and attributes tell their own story."—"ROME," *by a New Yorker*, p. 183.

lovers of the arts was the unfortunate condition in which it reached this country, from carelessness in the transportation. Though seriously broken, it has been carefully put together, and is properly placed in the distinguished institution which is an ornament to Boston, where intellect and capacity and execution are so worthily appreciated. Though we have as yet but little to boast of in collections of paintings and sculpture, Boston rivals Philadelphia as the depository of the fine arts of the United States. The residence of Stuart and of Allston, she possesses the finest memorials of these men of genius, and well do her citizens know their value. Here we can point with satisfaction to worthy patrons of the arts, who know how to enjoy the luxury of taste.

The extracts from the Journal of James De Veaux, must afford pleasure to the lovers of spirited sketches of the objects of interest in that classic land of spiritual existences,—and his observations on the works of the great masters of art may be useful to his profession.

Sunday, Feb. 19. With S——, M——, M—— and R——, went to visit the studio of Signor *Overbeck* in the old *Cenci* palace. We saw but few things,—all drawings,—figures of the apostles, which he has painted at one of Torlonia's villas. They are feelingly and religiously wrought out,—the "*Triumph of*

Religion and the Arts," has some noble figures,—the "*Entombment*," a cartoon of eight or ten figures, the size of life, is solemn and affecting, but has all the rigidness and unpleasant severity of Perugino, whom Overbeck prefers to Raphael,—saying that "when Raphael forsook the school of Perugino, God forsook Raphael." The old gentleman (he seems about sixty,) received us gracefully and courteously. He is about five feet ten or eleven inches high, very erect, and has an eagle eye, fine aquiline nose and spacious forehead,—a handsome man and a great painter,—though for me, Vernet, Delaroche, Coignet and others in Paris, are superior,—he has no pretensions to *colour*. Went afterwards to Signor *Cammuccini's* * dwelling, and saw his private collection,—his studio requires a ticket from himself, which I hope some day to obtain. "*A sea-port*" by Claude,—"*Venus and Adonis*" by Titian,—a small "*Mother and Child*," by Veronese,—"*Crucifixion*" by Guido, a *Bonafazio*, and a large picture of a fete champetre landscape, by Titian, are magnificent works. They are all fine, such as the greatest of living Roman artists has chosen for his private gallery, but those specified are the *gems*.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birth-day. I have subscribed to the dinner,—Dr. Van Rensellaer, President, and Mr. Parish, Vice,—will pay my share, but not

* Cammuccini died in September, 1844.

go, as I do not like the idea of inviting the Consul, and thus sharing the honors of the day with WASHINGTON. None but an old fellow soldier is entitled to such distinction. It is not in taste, and I will not make one of the possè. Walking this morning near *St. Maria Maggiore*, I saw the Pope coming, attended by a large cortege of troops and household officers; ran and kneeled in the door of the church, and so got nearer than I could at even a presentation, and was with the few other stragglers about blessed by the Head;—the poor beggars actually screamed the words "beneditione papa" as he passed from the carriage to the church, so fearful were they of being neglected. The old man entered,—prayed at several altars, and after fifteen minutes, started for another church;—to-day I had him all to myself, no other stranger about,—twenty or thirty poor people around who left their occupations to get blessed were my only companions. *I guess*, I caught more fleas than blessings.

Feb. 26. The Washington dinner I hear passed off in the usual way,—the speeches dull,—the toasts stale, and the wine bad, and a great deal of it drunk. A nephew of Jerome Bonaparte gave a speech, and an abolition toast, which was drank with enthusiasm,—glad I was not there, as I must have followed the lead of this —— guest, and given him a pill of another *colour* to swallow.

The six days of the Carnival are over, and there are but two more, and then all will be quiet once again;—it is brilliant but tedious,—two or three days do well enough, but eight weary horse and man. Yet these are the only eight days of three hundred and sixty-five that the Romans know. The whole routine is the same from day to day;—at two o'clock the Campodoglio sends forth its merry peal, and the masqueraders rush into the street armed and accoutred according to taste,—the Roman soldier and Italian bandit—the gay Lothario and the coarse washer-woman,—harlequin and the sage counsellor, are huddled promiscuously, and seem to come together upon this happy occasion, because none other ever permits their proximity. Carriages, barouches, omnibuses, all crowded, form two lines the whole length of the Corso, passing and repassing, whilst the foot frolickers walk between and on either side, —balconies and windows in every story send out streamers of variegated silks, and the loveliest looking women are seen looking laughingly from every casement, which is crowded with beauty. Bunches of flowers thrown from hand to hand, and flung back again, keep the air filled with bouquets, and give beauty and life to one part of the scene, whilst at another the millions of *sugar plums* showered from above and dashed from below, remind one more of the chilliness of a snow storm. These *plums* are

made of lime and flour, cost two cents a pound,—they are carried in baskets, and are thrown by handfuls of a hundred or more, and burst when they are thrown with force, and as they shiver to pieces, "the miller and his men" are completely eclipsed in whiteness by the majority of the maskers. Some of them are large and hard, and when they encounter an unprotected spot, sting severely. The favourite beauties of the day are easily distinguished from the others, by the superior coat of whitening, which they exhibit at the close of the day's sport. At five o'clock, guns are fired,—the "Corso" cleared by soldiers "horse and foot," and the races come on. Eight or ten horses are brought in,—the poor devils are covered with flaps or wings with spurs attached, so at each jump they receive the sharp rowels,—they are held in line behind a rope breast high, and at a signal, the rope falls, and away they go, brushing the crowd on either side,—from the "Piazza Popolo" to the "Piazza Venetia," one and a quarter miles,—where they are stopped by a balustrade of ropes and hanging blankets, (an old woman's clothes line.) The winner or winners usually strike a severe blow or blows against the rope and blankets, and sometimes break away, so there are similar checks beyond, at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet. The carriages and maskers are now again admitted, and the same rose and plum game is renewed again.

At eight o'clock begin the balls, which close (by law) at twelve,—on Friday no sport is permitted, nor on Sunday, except that Sabbath night, at twelve o'clock, begins the "crack ball" of the season, which continues till breakfast time on Monday. These masked balls are the same one sees elsewhere, except at Paris, where they are very superior,—there every one dances,—here they are content to promenade, and to whisper unmeaning things to each other;—a person masked attaches himself to one that is not, and attempts to "run" him,—this is flat, unless you know more of him and his private affairs than usually leaks out. I am glad there is to be an end of all this in two days,—though six months hence, if I am here, with true Italian fickleness I may be willing for it again.

March 1.—Ash Wednesday. Yesterday closed the Carnival,—the weather pretty fair;—three of the horses fell on the slippery ground. S—— and I in costume visited our friends, and I worried Mrs. P—— with "negro talk." The scene which closed the promenade on the "Corso" is the grand finale,—the jubilee of fiends,—the carnival of devils! This strange mass of beings, masked and shouting, and seen by the artificial light of torches, candles, lamps, etc. etc., presents to the imagination an infernal picture;—the cry of "senza moccolo," (without taper,) as they dash at each other's light to put it out, is universal, and keeps up a continual roar. Now all

is quiet again, and one more carnival lies buried with the past;—where shall I be when the season for its renewal returns?

J—— D—— to ———.

"Rome, March, 1843.

In Rome!—have seen the winter laid in its grave, and have my eyes refreshed even now with whole balconies of flowers, and trees laden with blossoms—we have had some rainy days,—quite a freshet once,—some cool weather, but not one *cold* day, and yet the Italians complained of the severity of the season—it snowed one night, and the next day was *Italian!* Cloaks are worn, but it certainly is for ornament,—I never in my life saw any thing to equal the *throw* given to that article of dress by all the wearers, and their name is legion,—the shepherd, the beggar and the dandy!! The *cut* is the same,—the texture marks the *caste.* Of the mildness of the season, the best proof is, that I have never experienced a moment's discomfort in a room all marbled and twice the size of your modest 'logement,' where I have been copying all winter without a fire. It will be a glorious thing to have the memory of such a winter, when some of these days at home I shall be hemmed in by 'thick ribbed ice.' But let the truth be spoken

—I am in love,—between Paris and Rome, I would repose me here forever,—just at present that is my mood!

I have finished, or nearly so, a copy, and begun another picture, and will send them together in June, when I go to Venice. About October, I will go to Paris or come here to spend the winter,—the only reason I doubt at all about it is, the cheaper rate of living here,—fully one-third difference. The studies I wish to pursue when I finish the copies, are more numerous and easier of access at Paris,—but the confounded money,—tut! I hate the jingle of the trash, and hate it more because I am beholden to it,—bound hand and foot, and can't budge without it,—cursed stuff! I have just tasted enough and heard enough to wish to stay ten years at least in Europe, to pursue my art in Germany and Holland, as well as at the different points in Italy and at Paris,—such works, and such a life of study,—material for work for fifty years after, might be gathered,—but who talks of fifty years? an old wrinkled brow and grey beard?

In some of my letters from Florence, I must have told you of the favour shewn to *native* copyists over *foreign* students,—the same system is practised here,—it has one good effect,—it forces purchasers to get their work done by Italians, and thus enables the poor devils to live upon strangers, as their own coun-

trymen never buy pictures,—but the inconvenience to those who copy for improvement, is certainly great. This fact accounts for H——'s copies being by Italians;—to the student, there is nothing elsewhere comparable to the facilities of the Louvre,—Louis Philippe *is truly a King!*"

Poor De Veaux! Little did he suspect, when he penned these lines, so full of enthusiasm and hope and confidence, that a few short months were all that were allotted to his earthly labours! While the bright dreams of usefulness and honour and the fame of the world were but just opening upon his imagination, and the mists of gloom and despondency were becoming dislodged from his expanding mind,—while the aspirations after high excellence now seemed a fixed and impelling principle of his noble nature, enabling him to shake off the influence of his earlier difficulties,—while youth and health and genius were beginning to make him feel his powers, and to see before him the open path to human greatness,—how lamentable the thought that then, even then, he was marked by the great Destroyer, as an early victim!

The Journal is full of lively pictures of "men and things," and the notes of the works of art are characteristic of his poetic feeling.

March, 1843. Mr. S—— and I went together, to visit the *Farnese* palace,—called the most beautiful at Rome, as much for its exterior as for the magnificence of the internal embellishments. Sangallo was the first architect, and it was finished by M. Angelo and Jacques della Porta,—the marbles employed were taken from the Coliseum! This and all the other property of the Farnese family belong to the King of Naples,—so the famous Hercules, (Glycon,) has gone thither and left the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella in its stead. The pictures have all departed, but the frescoes of Annibale are here, and "bear the palm alone,"—there is nothing in Rome superior to them,—the "*Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne*" is a triumph of art,—the Chiaro-'scuro, divisional ornaments in imitation of basso relievo are complete delusions.

April 1. At the Cavalier *Barbieri's* studio, saw a table made in Mosaic for the Emperor of Russia,—composed of three million of pieces,—occupied three workmen three years, and is the most splendid thing of its kind extant. The diameter is four feet,—eight pictures form its face, eight views of Rome at eight different hours of the day, forming "twenty four hours at Rome;"—the first is one hour before sunrise within a few miles of Rome,—the last is the Coliseum by moonlight, and the most beautiful of all,—

St. Peters is very splendidly executed;—the Pope had it three days at the Vatican for inspection, and the Cavalier three times to explain,—so said the Cavalier,—it cost ten thousand dollars.

April 20. Witnessed at Rome an exhibition which I often imagined and wished to see, but thought the spirit of poetic inspiration had passed away, and the days of *improvising* numbered. The Signora —— in person, dark, fat and forty, has dispelled the false notion, and I have realized to the full, the charm of listening to sweet Italian rhyme extempore, from the lips of a real Improvisatrice. The subjects were handed in by any person present, the lady chose from among them, and then made choice of a piece of music, which an assistant played upon the piano. During the first five minutes or less, the Signora stands wrapped in thought, and then suddenly falling in with the air chants, a poem or a sonnet,—it seemed hard work, if one may judge from the beating temples, reddened face, perspiring brow, and agonizing movements of the limbs of the actrice,—the Italians applauded, the Signora warmed, and for two hours with slight intermission kept on the even tenor of her way. She several times baulked for a word, —looked very *unutterable things*, turned back to the commencement of a line or distich, and went smoothly on. I would like to witness it once a month, but

she has closed with two exhibitions, the only ones given here in eight or ten years.*

Holy Week is past,—Palm Sunday ushered it in, and the fire works of the castle of St. Angelo burnt it out.

J—— D—— to ———.

"Rome, June 7, 1843.

I have been waiting very impatiently for a letter from you, to tell me something about the picture I sent home last fall,—with a tremendous 'Critica,' laying bare the enormous deformities of my first and last 'historical,'—cutting and slashing at ugly bodies, is so familiar to gents of your craft, that the dissection of as rare and beautiful a subject as myself, will add fervour to your zeal, and I shall, no doubt, be left like a boned turkey, minus the *stuffing*.

I have *done* myself into the semblance of 'Calvin Edson, the walking skeleton,'—before my seventh month at Rome is completed, I shall have finished all my work,—two pictures the size of the '*Christ and Angels*,' (one original and one a copy,) and three smaller things. Now for plans:—I will go to Florence and expect to copy a '*Holy Family*,'—it is by Paul Veronese, never taken from the walls to be

* In Headley's "Letters from Italy," (Letter 23,) there is a description of this Signora's exhibition.

copied, but at the request of a government;—Louis Philippe's has it down now, and I may get a chance at it,—if I do not, I go on to Venice and make *two* there, certainly *one*, and other studies for myself. My copies will then be finished, and I have a project ahead, recommended to me by one of the best artists at Rome,—here it is: drawing the human figure with accuracy, is the most important step in our profession, and the rock, I am certain, upon which the English and American schools have split. To get our fingers dabbling in paint, before we know well the use of the porte crayon, has been the cause of many a promising boy failing to realize the hopes of friends. I have become so fully satisfied with the truth of this, that I am restless under the reign of *colour*, and for a year at least, would serve under that of charcoal, crayons and chalk. Whatever facility of composition a man may be blessed with, if he has not the power of drawing well the separate parts, the whole must fail to please; the idea, however clever, badly expressed, loses its force. I find by my acquaintance with the first artists here, that they have devoted from ten to fifteen years to drawing alone! from twelve or fifteen years of age to twenty five! It is too late for me to *trifle thus with time*,—besides, I am past the beginning. Now the upshot of all this is, that I may be easily comprehended when I say that my earnest wish is to return *here* in November,

(after completing all my copies,) and devote myself exclusively to *drawing*,—to abandon *paint* for a twelve-month, and draw from the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo at the Vatican,—in all that time, I would have nothing (as a picture) to shew, as my work would be chiefly figures the size of life, done in black and white chalk. To others this may appear lost time, but it is just the reverse,—for it is the knowledge and confidence acquired by such practice, that will give a tenfold value to whatever I may do hereafter. It will be as hard a year's labour as these last seven months in Rome have been, and more profitable *to me*. I would abjure *paint* as the grand contaminator of artists, and the befouler of clean hands, and wrap myself in the cloud of charcoal dust I shall raise in the Vatican.

I have painted one of my best heads for our friend Fraser, who is an honor to our profession and my state,—'*A Pilgrim*' from nature, which is really good, for me. Present it to him in my name, if, after you have seen it, you think it advisable.

Huntingdon has sailed from New York, and is on his way to Rome,—Inman goes to settle in London; I *must draw* for a year, and distance the fraternity. You will see by the picture I send a month hence, how my last five or six months drawing *in the evenning only*, tells in the large figures I have painted, of course much more difficult than *in small*,—it is what

no American artist excels in but Allston. Beautiful colour cannot disguise the misshapen limbs of the full length portraits in our country, and in historical compositions, where the figures are varied from the plumb lines of a sober up-and-down portrait, the difficulties increase tenfold. I am so desperate about it, that between chalk and charcoal, I fear I will be a case of asphyxia before next winter runs out."

* * * * *

J—— D—— to ———.

"Rome, June 21, 1843.

I will go into business before I lose the fitting tone of mind which is on me at present. The pictures are finished, and as I leave here in one week for Venice, I will deliver them to an agent who will send them to New York. '*The Bandit at Home*,' an original composition, I have painted for Mr. P——, the two smaller pictures painted from nature, the Roman '*Beggar Girl*' and '*A Pilgrim asleep, in sight of St. Peter's Dome*,' I intend, as little presents to Mrs. M—— and Mrs. M—— H——, to keep them in mind of me whilst I am in the 'city of the sea,' making larger copies for M—— and W——. I hope these pictures will please,—the kindness that has been extended to me is a kind of dream. I have never known its like,—reflecting sometimes upon it,

I almost doubt my senses, and when I think of the increasing run of good fortune from the day I first entered your house in Columbia, I am tempted to believe in the doctrine of transmigration. Every thing has changed,—up to that time, all was doubt and almost despair,—since then my march has been uniformly prosperous. My brief sojourn at the north is not forgotten, nor am I ungrateful, but then I was haunted by the fear, that after all my exertion, I would not be able to give that assistance to my family that they so much needed. It was at Columbia, that this fear was *first* dispelled,—there too, that a series of years, the happiest I have ever known, have been passed, and it was there that *last* I found those that have been every thing to me. Excuse this,—but I am disposed to fly the track whenever I think of my undeservedness, and the extraordinary liberality of my friends.

Seven months residence at Rome, convinces me that the decision of the learned in art is correct,—that Rome stands without a competitor as furnishing the materials for a painter. In every department of art, and from every great school of art, examples are abundantly spread before us, and the *chef d'ouvres* of the two sublimest geniuses that painting can boast, Angelo and Raphael, are here open to inspection and study. There are difficulties in finding admittance to copy in the private galleries, (and they contain

many of the gems,) but in time you get over this, and all is well;—an efficient consul would mend matters for the Americans. Then the churches,—three hundred and fifty in number, and each an *academy of art!*—the walls jammed with pictures, and many of them fine,—some superb; independently of this, the climate a piece of heaven dropped upon earth,—and the habits and costumes of the people, and the many splendid religious festivals, which attract the wondering population from the surrounding country, filling old Rome with food for the artist. Not a moment need be lost,—every group in the door ways, (they live out of doors at this season,) is a picture. See that mother and child,—it's the original of Raphael's Madonna of the chair! Artists come here for *one* year, and spend *five* and *ten*,—there is a continual inducement to work, where every facility is offered, and every body else is at work,—where a man can be talking of art all the day long with painters,—visiting the studios of the thousands that are always here from east and west and north and south, seeing what others do, and how they use the works of the great masters to make their own valuable. The gods be praised! that my *home* is here!—it will take 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,' to tear me from my footing,—and if I succeed in getting a start here, who knows but I will be here to receive and do the honors of the city to your boys, when

they come upon their tour?—and should you come yourself, I may receive you as Raphael did Leo X!—io sono contento. S—— writes me from New York and gives me a letter of critiques on my first 'original,' and if he does not fib, the artists there were 'struck all in a heap,'—if such is the fact, my '*Bandit*' will soon despatch them. The baby of the bandit is considered a little the best baby done in Rome this season! I to-day exhibited it to my congregated acquaintance, at my studio, and received from them little else than praise,—perhaps stuffing! You will be candid when you write, and make one welcome exception to the general practice.

* * * * *

'*The Bandit at home*,' in the possession of J. S. Preston, Esq., is a noble work. The conception is fine,—a sweet and lovely child is brought by the fond mother, to win from his rugged life the fierce Brigand,—his innocent gambols have touched the heart of the bold outlaw, and a gentle and mournful interest exhibits itself in his countenance as he sports with his boy. The calm and softening influence of an Italian sky on the hard features of the rocky landscape, and the soothing effect of twilight like the mother's anxious love, are admirably arranged in keeping with the character of the scene. The gentler feelings of the father have displaced for the time the influence of 'hatred and malice and all unchar-

itableness,' and the parent feels the power of innocence over his heart, and of conscious guilt on his mind. The figures are all the size of life, and considering the difficulty of drawing the large figure correctly, this will be considered his greatest work. The drawing is admirably correct,—the colouring elaborately rich, and the general effect very striking; the story is well and pleasingly told, and as a work of art, this picture will bear comparison with any that we know as the offspring of American genius. The finish in detail of '*Christ and the Angels*,' is only here surpassed by the boldness in composition and completeness of effect of the full sized figures. These two originals are all the memorials of any size, of that gifted spirit, which has gained, we hope, instead of the immortality of earth, that which is eternal in the heavens!

The picture of the little '*Beggar Girl*,' as well as the '*Bandit*' and the '*Pilgrims*,' was noticed by an artist friend, in the American Journal of Fine Arts; and the following extract is worthy of preservation here:

"'*The Roman Beggar Girl*' is rich and sunny as her own native clime; he found the original of this picture in a state of great destitution on the steps of a church: from his own scanty store he clothed and placed her above immediate want, and greatly lamented that he had not the means to send her to the

United States to be educated. His soul teemed with goodness and the kindliest affections, and I never knew a man who had so little of self in his nature.

'*The Pilgrim to Rome*' is a pretty little picture, in which the Italian costume is touched with a masterly pencil. '*The Brigand at home*' was his last and finest production; it is a picture full of power, uniting great brilliancy and depth of colour with truth of imitation. For beauty nothing can surpass the child, and the affectionate regard of the father and mother are feelingly expressed. From this we may easily imagine what his mature efforts would have been. He lived long enough to assert his title to a high place amongst the painters of America, for he has produced works that will rank permanently with the foremost. A copy too from Rubens, in the possession of the writer, is acknowledged by competent judges to be one of the finest ever painted by a modern artist."

The Journal is again resumed:

June 25. Months have passed away since I have added a line to my Journal. Kept constantly at work, I have seen nothing but *festas* of Easter, which were fac-similes of those of Christmas, with the exception of the grand illumination of St. Peters! That is indeed a wonder!—for one hour the illumi-

nation was indeed partial, but at a certain hour (Ave Maria,) the whole flashed out upon the beholder, and startled me with its sudden blaze of splendor. How many lamps it requires to cover this temple in a way to exhibit it as one mass of fire, I cannot tell, —the expense is said to be fifteen hundred dollars. After all, it costs the *head* of the church something to keep the bowels amused! The Mausoleum of Augustus I have attended, to witness the antics of a circus company, and the performances of "Miss Baba," an elephant;—poor Augustus! when he reared this huge casement for the protection of his perishing body, he dreamed not of the vile uses to which it might come! The pyramid tomb of Caius Cestus, built in three hundred and thirty days,—entirely covered with white marble, is one hundred and sixty-four palms in height, and one hundred and thirty in breadth,—he was one of the Septemvirs in the time of Augustus.

The theatre of Marcellus is a splendid remnant,—was large enough to contain 30,000 spectators, is covered with large blocks of *travertin*,—Doric and Ionic architecture. The remains of the gate of Octavius are a magnificent array of Corinthian columns, hemmed in and partially hidden by the surrounding houses.

H. E—— of Washington, and myself, have seen together the house of Rienzi,—the temple of Vesta,—

the arch of Janus,—and the Cloaca Maxima or large drain, built two thousand three hundred years since, and still serving its purpose. Near it gushed a stream of water, around which we saw soldiers and civilians loitering, as if it had healing virtues.

We visited St. Lorenzo, outside the gate of the same name, and the "Potter's field" adjoining, where, in 1837, the cholera victims, fifteen thousand, were interred,—it is well worth a visit. The church is a rich old vestige, containing three or four good pictures of the Bolognese school,—some heads equal to Domenichino. There are three hundred and seventy pits in the burying ground, each about five feet square, covered over with one large flag of stone, easily removed.

On the 15th of this month, I witnessed in the Piazza of St. Peter, the "*Augustissimo sacramento della Corpus Domini*," instituted by Urbin IV. in 1264. The Pope, borne on the shoulders of six or eight officials, seems to be kneeling, (but is in reality sitting, as the fatigue is too great for the old man,) and bears the body of the Lord. The procession moves from the church, passes under the colonnade, and a temporary covering where it ceases, and round back again to the church. This has outdone all the displays of the sort that I have seen, (and all the great ones I have enjoyed the full benefit of,)—the crowded place, the brilliant costumes of soldiers and *conta-*

dini, with the solemnity of the scene, and the beauty of the atmosphere, rendered the whole impression magical, and satisfies completely the beholder. There are no strangers, or but few, (painters chiefly,) and the natives turn out in mass,—they seem to hide themselves at the fetes of winter, which really seem got up to amuse strangers, as all the most favourable posts are dealt out to the English, French, Russians, &c., but at this season all is *Italian*, and the amount of beauty displayed on this occasion, convinces one of the superiority of the women over the English, French or Americans.

The procession of *St. Niccolo* ought to have taken place yesterday, but was postponed. I must remember it next year, (if I am here,) as it is said to outvie all others,—the Church of the Apostles is the point to witness it.

I took my studio the middle of February, and have given it up after four months close work;—the three months previous I was pretty well engaged at the Colonna palace, copying "*Rebecca at the fountain*,"—at my studio I have painted the "BANDIT," three figures the size of life,—the "*Beggar Girl*," and the "*Young Pilgrim*," and the "*Head of a Pilgrim*." All are left to be sent to their homes. For this season my labours are closed at Rome. I hope nothing will prevent my return here,—all my future hopes are pending upon the use I make of next winter,—to

draw incessantly is my fixed, firmly-rooted determination, which nothing ought to dislodge. May I be firm in obeying the dictates of reason and pure conviction!

June 27, 1843. The Academy of St. Luke interested me very much. "*St. Luke painting the Virgin*," by Raphael, is valuable for the portrait of Raphael,—he has painted himself looking over the shoulder of the Saint,—the head of Luke is inspiration's self;—Guido's "*Fortune*" is a lovely female figure, beautiful throughout,—the most graceful form by that master I ever beheld,—"*Lucretia and Tarquin*," by Guido, for colour, is equal to Titian. Harlowe's picture of Cardinal Wolsey delighted me,—the two Salvators and the Claude are fine.

June 28.—*The Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul*,—to-day was a splendid illumination throughout the city,—St. Peters did not make so splendid a show as at Easter, owing to a strong wind which discomposed the lamps, still it was superb, and cannot be seen elsewhere.

At 10 o'clock went to St. Peters,—saw the statue of bronze decked out in all the paraphernalia of Pope!—looked exactly like a huge blackey giving instruction to a set of dummies. He makes the letter H of the dumb alphabet with his right fist, the fingers of which were covered with rings;—the Pope and Cardinals and other worthies of the church,

passed before it in solemn procession, all saluting it as they came near. Saw here to-day the loveliest girl I have seen these ten years,—would rather have her for a painter's wife, than any other large prize,—even the Benedict of us Americans at Rome, was ready to worship her;—of course I shall never see her more, as I leave Rome after to-morrow,—perhaps forever!—adieu, sweet lady, a stranger, brief sojourner in your land, will think of you and your heavenly smile when a broad ocean lies betwixt you and him! Went to see the girandola,—fireworks,—not so beautiful as the last display,—the representation of the interior of the castle on fire, surpassed all other shows of this sort I ever saw.

June 30. Arranged my passport,—six pauls to the police, and two dollars to the American Consul;—went to the Borghese villa, (the day before, Crawford the sculptor and myself could not find the custode,) and saw Canova's *Pauline.* This statue is very much draped, and I see nothing surprising in a French woman having served as a model,*—the arrangement of the hands and feet is horribly affected,—the body is fine, and the head a portrait of a court beauty,—nothing more. The splendid saloons,—antique alabaster vases,—yellow antique columns, the paintings of the ceilings,—and the "*Venus and*

* When Pauline was asked how she could consent to sit for her statue, with the utmost "*sang froid*" she replied, "it was not cold, there was a fire in the room."

Satyr" of a French artist named *Gagneau*, are to me more attractive than the sister of Napoleon.

July 1.—My last hours in Rome! at 10 o'clock I start for Florence. There have been forty days of uninterrupted sunsets, as well as clear blue skies all the day long!—my regret is allayed at the strong hope of returning here in six months or less. I have tried to use my seven months well, and that is another consolation;—before I leave thee forever, thou "Niobe of nations," I hope to have extracted much that will serve me in my far off home,—where else can a painter live more contentedly than among thy treasures?

T——, C——, and E—— were at the office back of the "Piazza Colonna," to see me off,—gave my old hat to a poor cripple, and put my cap on my pate, —shook my friends cordially by the hand, and rolled off for the "Piazza Popolo." We had a fat good natured Italian among our passengers,—from Montepulciana,—he loved to run me about the want of refinement, etc. in the United States, but all in good humor, —a real republican at heart, and prays for our long life. The Frenchman and wife were good companions,—as loving and lively as twenty-one and eighteen, instead of forty and thirty-seven. In forty-two hours, day and night, we accomplished our distance, (about two hundred miles,) and I found myself at five o'clock in the morning trying to find my way into Mr. Graz-

zini's house, but in vain,—the servants were all abed, —at last one fat female opened the door, but could not answer me as to empty rooms, etc.—so I left my baggage and went to the "Caffé,"—after two hours returned, and had my things taken up stairs and found an empty chamber. I dressed and went out before the landlady had risen, and it was not till night that I saw her,—she had guessed who it was.

I saw Powers and Brown, the painter, on the 3d of July, and dined with Brown on the "glorious fourth!" Poor Clevenger was off to Leghorn for his health, but returned looking very badly,—the doctor pronounces it *liver complaint*,—poor fellow! what a terrible blow to his wife and little ones, as well as the loss to art and his many friends! I sincerely hope he may get through, and live to add to his fame and fortune.

Brown, the sculptor, and H——, a painter, are here and talk of going to Rome for the winter. Tivoli shewed me a "*John of Bologna*," and gave me proofs of it,—had a nice chat with an old sick monk in the cloister of the Capuchins in Borgo ogni santii,—he shewed me the iron grape vine frame in the garden, about two hundred yards long, supported by about one hundred and fifty pillars, thirty feet high,—a Medici work.

Six o'clock, Sunday. After a pleasant week at Florence, started for Bologna, sixty two miles, and

"did it" in eighteen hours,—had a cool mountain air all night,—slept well with my dull companions. The road is one continual ascent, and is not as beautiful as one is accustomed to in "these parts." How very dull this journalizing is!—I love to talk over these matters, but writing is dull work;—however, I must make these trifling notes to refer to and talk about.

My padrona and husband at Rome cheated me up to the last moment,—that last caper about backing the expenses, oil, boots, etc., one month, was too good,—it caught me, but in Florence, looking over the bills, I found out how complete a villain her husband is,—he is sure of the gallows, that fellow.

Bologna, June 10, 1843. Rome must answer for all my sins. My sojourn there has caused a revolution in me as regards *art*. Reynolds has always been a favourite with me, and this morning, with his Lectures under my arm, I entered the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, where the finest works of his favourite Ludovico Caracci, are collected together. In their presence I read his eulogium, and as I turned from the book to each picture he mentions, nothing but sad disappointment met me at every turn. I really dislike the manner of colouring, and think Domenichino, Guercino, and even his own brother Annibale far preferable. His "*Matthew*" where Christ calls him, is a fine figure, and his "*John preaching*" a solemn, impressive scene, but dingy and indistinct to

assist in making out that effect. Guido's "*Murder of the Innocents*" and Domenichino's "*St. Peter Martyr Inquisitore*," are my favourites in this gallery. The figure of St. Paul is noble,—there is a bad copy of it in *St. Louis* at Rome, called Guido. If I had the disposal of the gallery, the earth should soon cease to groan under the weight of such trash as "*Magdalen at the feet of Jesus*," by Vasari, etc. etc. In all my life (except at the Barberini palace at Rome,) I have never been so completely frustrated in my hopes and expectations,—I left the gallery sorry that I ever entered it.

I went to the Sampieri palace, and there old Sir Joshua is right,—the frescoes of the three Caracci are superb, and the two last chambers by Guercino are unrivalled. "*Hercules and* ———,"—but such a start at the sight of a picture I never expected to give!—there is in the figure of Hercules not the slightest distortion or theatrical effect,—but the calm, powerful god, conscious of his ability to destroy his enemy, seems almost unconsciously to have twined his arms around him,—the last wild cry and crackling of bones is terrific! the colour is beautiful,—the only defect I thought I saw in the drawing, is the right hand of Hercules,—it comes too far round upon his left arm. "*The infant Hercules*" in the next chamber, is a gem. "*A storm*," by Salvator Rosa, or

some other able painter, is very fine,—the figures make no doubt it is a Rosa.

July 11. The Cemetery is the chief beauty and charm of Bologna,—at least so it has proved to me. All the works of the Caracci have failed to interest me as much as this place of burial; it was commenced only forty-two years since, and the least of the wonder is, that in so short a space of time so much that is beautiful and finished should have been assembled. I doubted that a sufficient number of as capable artists could be found in Italy to accomplish so much. The entrance to it has four mourning figures over the gate;—it is a good mile and a half from the city walls, passing out of the gate St. Isaiah. The painted or fresco tombs are no longer permitted, as they have faded rapidly,—nothing but marble hereafter,—the designs of many of the monuments are in plaster as yet, the marbles being unfinished. A figure of *Eternity veiled*, with a snake in a circle in her hand, and a child leading a female to the tomb to deposite an urn, struck me as being a *chef d'ouvre*. The principal divisions are like immense cloisters,—some parts appropriated for adults, others to children and some to whole families,—the poor are buried in the centre of the vast enclosure,—safely hemmed in are the plebeians, by a walled marble casement, and *pure patrician dust*. A splendid portico of six hun-

dred and forty arches, and about a mile in length, winds its serpentine length along from near the Cemetery up to the temple of St. Luke on *Mount of the Guard*,—a most remarkable and beautiful thing to behold. The Church at the Cemetery, (*St. Michael*, I think,) has some fine frescoes by ——, from whom it is apparent Guido borrowed largely,—the "*Christ of the Mount*" and "*Crucifixion*," are especially good;—a picture by Elizabeth Savani, dated 1658, outstrips all the female competitors in art. She was the daughter of a painter, and poisoned by one of the gallant male aspirants to the honors which she won. "*John baptizing Christ*" is the subject,—figures full size of life, and fifty of them! It pleases me better than any other picture of the same subject I know,—the artist's portrait is painted in the group to the right of the spectator,—a child is taking milk from the bosom, a sweet face and I suppose a young mother,—she was twenty-seven years old when poisoned.

The Church of *St. Domenic* I went to see, as in duty bound,—how wearied I am of churches!—the tomb of its titulary saint is overloaded with sculpture, but much good work and some beautiful figures. *St. Peter* has a rich Corinthian front, and contains the last frescoes of L. Caracci. *St. Paul* and *St. Nicholas*, are worth a visit from the curious in architecture. The two leaning towers,—Asinelli, three

hundred and seven feet high, inclines five feet, but it does not seem to lean at all,—the other called Garesendi, (after the persons who caused them to be built,) is only one hundred and forty-four feet, and leans like a good one,—they are humbugs after seeing the one at Pisa. The fountain of Neptune in the grand "Place," with its bronze figures by John of Bologna, is to me a stiff, formal, monstrous and vulgar thing.

Thursday, 13*th July*. I quitted Bologna at midday, and in five hours the diligence had borne me to Ferrara;—the road is a perfect level, and scarcely a pebble jarred the monotony of the journey. Two rows of poplar trees lined the road on either side for ten miles, and thus shut out from our view, for that space, the groves of olives festooned with vines. I strolled about the grass grown streets a couple of hours, and in the venerable Cathedral, saw a good copy of part of Angelo's "*Last Judgment.*" The former ducal palace, now inhabited by the legate, is a severe old strong-hold,—surrounded by its moat, it looks a miniature Venice. I ate a bad dinner at "The three Crowns," where it appears from the inscriptions and painted coat of arms, that many of the European crowned heads have passed a night here; among them Maria Louisa, the Duke and Duchess of Tuscany and Christina.

Friday, *July* 14. At four o'clock this morning, I stepped into the *diligence* and resumed my journey,—

after three hours arrived at the river Po and crossed its famous flood, which took us about twenty minutes. We were now in the power of the Austrian, and he immediately set about to prove the fact,—we were "brought to" in a douane office, our effects examined, and we were detained at least one hour, and all hands as hungry as jackalls. Found breakfast at nine o'clock and went on till *one*, when the famous town of Padua took and held us for an hour,—in that time we saw nothing but its grand "caffé" and fine piazza, but will trip it there some day from Venice. From Padua we came through a beautiful country, passing villages and villas at every mile,—a complete garden for the rest of the road to Venice, passing by Fusina. About five miles from the city we took a bark and soon stopped at the custom house, for a few minutes;—then we followed up the windings of the tortuous canal. About seven o'clock, (dusk,) the city was discernible seated on the waters, and looking in the twilight like a streak of light in the horizon dividing the water from the sky,—but its towers and mosque-like domes soon rose above the marshes, and "the city of the sea," the wonder of all wonders that I have yet seen, came full upon me. At nine o'clock I was at the "Leone Bianco," No. 50, and at ten was seated with my fellow travellers at a snug dinner.

Saturday, July 15. Started from my bed at seven o'clock, and threw open the window of my chamber

to look upon Venice. The Grand Canal dotted with gondolas, and a portion of the bridge of Rialto, first struck my eye,—this was enough,—I knew from that moment that I was not to be disappointed,—paintings and engravings have so familiarized me with the city, that I feel as though I had sojourned here for years, besides, Venice, seen at any one spot, is Venice in every place. Though the palaces on the Grand Canal are the finest sights, still those in the smaller canals rise as majestically, if not as gaily from the water, and even more picturesquely, as in most places the darkness of the lesser canals, and the accumulation of sea weed assists in the effect. I dressed and descending, met, acting as head waiter in the hotel, a negro from Newbern, N. C., who has been sixteen years in Europe. Walked over the Rialto bridge, took coffee and was cheated out of a Zwanziger and a half in changing a Napoleon. Took a gondola for the "*Belle Arti*,"—went bounding in, and found L—— in a minute. Poor R—— is sick at home. I took a gondola, went for my baggage and am installed with them,—the rest of the day passed in chatting, etc.

Sunday, July 16. To *Place of St. Mark* and the pictures of the Ducal palace. The magnificent group of buildings that surround this antique pile I cannot and will not attempt to describe,—my memory must serve me;—the profusion of marbles, columns,

bronzes furnished by the East, when conquered by the Venetians, are here congregated together to form *one* beautiful thing. There are five hundred columns of Verde antique among the precious ornaments, and in the church, all that one sees is Mosaic, gilt, bronze or eastern marbles! The architecture is the Arabian Greek,—its buildings occupied near one hundred years, from 976 to 1071,—the ceiling is Mosaic, worked from designs of many artists, Titian and Pordenone among others. In the evening, from half past seven to half past nine, the piazza was crowded with promenaders, to listen to the music of fifty-six of the best musicians in the world,—a feast enjoyed three times a week,—what more can a man desire? —an unequalled climate,—the most splendid Piazza, bounded by the richest architecture,—lovely women passing to and fro, with music to throw its melting sweetness over all.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Was engaged sight-seeing,—floated away through many a dark winding passage to the Churches of *St. Francesco della Vigna*, where there is little to see, *St. John* and *St. Paul*, where there is much, very much. The monuments of some of the Doges are the chief attractions,—to me, the picture of "*Peter Martyr*" by Titian.* This is the grandest in lines and has more

* Northcote, in his *Life of Titian*, says:—"This composition is the most celebrated of any he ever painted, being the best understood of all his works; and I think that it is justly deserving of the name given to it, and by which it is universally known, "*The Picture without a fault.*"

of the largeness or greatness of Angelo, than any thing of Titian I ever saw,—the whole picture is designed, drawn, and painted in the feeling of the great Tuscan, and the effect is terribly and wonderfully wrought out,—paint can do no more. The flying figure is a triumph in art, and the foreshortened one is worthy of M. Angelo,—the back ground nothing can surpass,—mighty, vast, over-spreading branches, winding out against the blue sky, give a fulness to this part of the picture, in my opinion without a parallel. "*The Crucifixion*," by Tintoretto, is a finished specimen by that great master.

Maria Gloriosa de Frari. Here are Doges again,—one monument seventy feet high and five wide, six stories, nineteen figures larger that life, by Nicolo Tron (1472.) Canova's is also here, a huge white marble pyramid, with open door, and a line of figures marching in Indian file to deposite his ashes, which the foremost figure carries in an urn,—a poor affair, except for the mechanism, and proportions of some of the figures. Titian lies buried here, and a splendid monument is now being erected over his remains. His superb votive picture over the altar of the Pasaro is here, and is one of his best works,—there are parts of it more beautiful in execution than any of his other pictures,—more finished in its details it certainly is, and I am sure was a favorite with him.

Scuola san Rocco,—all the ceilings and walls by Tintoretto, who was eighteen years engaged here,—

the "*Annunciation*," and "*The Resurrection*," are the best;—they all seem hurried in execution and too scenic in touch. Feeling and poetry are always present in this master, but the rude boldness of his manner makes him appear careless. His "*Crucifixion*," considered his *chef d'ouvre*, is not equal to his "*St. Mark*" at the academy.

Went with R—— and L—— to *St. Sebastian*, to see *the* P. Veronese, i. e. the picture of "*Two Martyrs*" led to execution encouraged by St. Sebastian, and for splendid effect of colour and light and shade, P. Veronese is here even better than in his other gorgeous works at the Academy,—it is the very libidinousness of colour!—a weary drowsy languor, a delicious repose creeps over one in gazing upon it, so sweet and entirely harmonious is this picture. The altar piece is exquisite,—the angels lovely.

Went alone in the evening to the Piazza of *St. Mark*,—sat down at the base of the winged lion to enjoy the sea breeze, and think over the casualties of life, but lulled by the sweetness of night and the soft sea air, I dozed my time away, and 'twixt waking and sleeping, thought more of my past time and distant friends, than of subdued cities and their buried heroes.

Thursday, July 20. Picture hunting for my copies,—there are two pictures in the Academy, but that institution closes to-morrow, and does not re-open

till September, to give room for a modern exhibition. I cannot lose five weeks, so must paint elsewhere.

Friday, 21. Went in the evening to the palace of *St. Mark*, and met K——, and with him and H——, and an Italian painter, went to the Theatre,—the performance was pleasing, and the prima donna lovely;—at twelve it was over,—we retired to take beer, and sat till one o'clock discussing art. At half past one, in the stillness of night, slid in the gondola to the door of my dwelling, and gently crept to bed.

Sunday, *July* 23,—*night*. What a gorgeous city! —a more than fairy dream,—the palaces that spring from the water on either side, all differ in their architectural forms, and each a study for the artist! What pictures might be formed by this dim light, from the quaint and rich carvings on the beautiful facades! The green sea laving the old and venerable bases with its soft flow, and hanging its rank weed upon their sides!—the silent gondola gliding over the glassy surface, leaves you to the thought that you are borne by zephyrs,—no steeled horses' hoof nor jaunting car to mar the sweet delusion,—naught but the music that nightly floats across the dark canals, or the happy laugh of some Venetian beauty, ever disturbs the harmony of this enchanting abode.

July 24 *and* 25. Still undecided between the Ducal palace and *St. Sebastian*,—visited both separately, and each so beautiful that I cannot as yet choose be-

tween them. I met the captain of a barque lying here,—went to a garden and sate an hour with him,—had cheese and bread and good beer. He is a Virginian, an old school-mate of Mr. G——, of Charleston,—talked of home and the negro servants, and how favourably they contrast with whites in the same capacity.

Wednesday, July 26. Began to-day to work at the altar piece in the church of *St. Sebastian*, by Paul Veronese,—the upper part composed of the Virgin and child, listening to the concert of three angels, whilst two others support the easy flowing robes of the holy mother. It is for W. H——, Jr. I received to-day two letters,—one from W——, the other from Dr. G——, telling me of the success of my original picture of "*Christ fed by Angels*," painted in Florence last year,—sent home eight months ago,—time has flown rapidly by, and I am passing with it,—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

July 27. Worked to-day at *St. Sebastian*, and got in the drawing of my picture to begin colouring to-morrow;—read a little of the "Marino Faliero" of Byron,—the soliloquy of Lioni after the ball, gives the most complete portrait of Venice.

> "The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
> Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
> Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
> Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
> Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,

Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely; but congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, shewing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart
Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;—the dash
Phosphoric of the car, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse;
Some dusky shadow chequering the Realto;
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,
Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
The ocean-born and earth-commanding city.
How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
I thank thee, night."—*Act IV.*

To-day I met K—— at the Piazza, who told me he had seen in Galignani mention of the death of Hugh S. Legare, of Charleston, S. C. It is but three months since he was appointed Secretary of State, after many years of labor, which, with his great natural talents, made him perhaps the most finished and chastest orator of the day. Requiescat in pace!

July 28 *and* 29.—Work—work—work, at *St. Sebastian.* The church is opened for our accommodation at *six* o'clock, and kept open until *five*, thus giving

us eleven hours;—these Catholics are certainly very amiable towards us painters. The only interruption to our labour is *one minute* during the daily service of mass, when the bell tinkles in indication of the *holy presence*,—we withhold our hand from the canvass, and bow our heads,—even this is not expected from us, but we have adopted it as something that would please the congregation. All this *looks* like tolerance, and is.

I have just paid my breakfast bill for eight days, —(coffee one tumbler,—four breads,—two to eat at the church,)—three hundred and eighty-four centesimi,—seventy-five cents!—and this is luxurious!—I might do it for less!

July 30. Took a gondola at two o'clock, and accompanied by Rossiter and Mr. B——, went to the Lido,—took provisions along, and chose a shady spot in the ancient (now proscribed) Jews' burying-ground, and made our pic-nic among sculptured tombs! We ran over to the beach and saw about two hundred men frolicking naked in the surf, and women and children of both sexes standing around enjoying the sport,—what a thing is custom!

July 31. Worked hard at *St. Sebastian.*

J—— D—— to ———.

"August 1, 1843.

What creatures of circumstance or accident are we poor anatomies! In 1836, when through the kindness of that noble fellow, W. H., I first left the shores of my native country, to partake in the pictorial feast of Europe, who could have foretold, that on that day seven years, (after various 'hairbreadth accidents by flood and field,') I should concoct, indite, sign seal and direct a letter to you from Venice? The 1st of July I left Rome for safety sake,—I love it too well to leave its old time-worn sides for any lesser cause,—and stopping a few days at Florence and Bologna to inspect and re-inspect their treasures, I hastened for this 'city of the sea.' The country I have traversed is *Italy*,—in that one word you have pictured to your imagination nothing but beauty,—mountains, lakes, cascades, vineyards, and 'last but not least,' Heaven's best gift to man,—the girls! If life is not felt and enjoyed, and nature worshipped and art adored, in this glorious clime, it were better to divide *the carotid* and try that change,—for so long as *its* functions are performed, nothing can be found so like Paradise as Italy. As for my old heart, there is enough here to satisfy all *its* longings, and nothing but sharp-toothed penury shall bite it and its love

(Italy) asunder. In sober truth, no other country contains a tenth part of its advantages for the painter, —poor me !—I have had my eyes opened, and know how much too fast I have travelled,—to retrace my steps,—to unlearn or undo much that I have acquired at home, where all that leads in art misleads, is now my task. I hope I have made the discovery in time to correct the error,—before your answer to this letter reaches Europe I hope to be again in Rome, engaged in *drawing*, and after devoting a year to it, I shall be a candidate for historical pictures. The two copies I have here commenced, are the last I shall make for nearly a year. I shall not be idle however,—my labour will be greater than ever, and the length of time I devote to *drawing* will depend upon my success in picking up orders for pictures next winter in Rome. Those who give orders, pay half in advance, and that will give me a sure criterion for regulating my drawing term. I am, I know, a very poor electioneerer, but I must now learn that nice art, and so hurra! for Rome, and the arts, and the patrons of art!

I have received your letter of May 8th. The first line is as brief as some of Napoleon's edicts, and fully as effective: 'Your picture is a successful effort,'—to which I make the startling response, 'you don't say so!' Three or four days before I received yours, I got W——'s critique upon it, and, but for

his healthy check, your sudden declaration of its merits would have quite upset me. He does not like the *misty* looking angel on the right of *Christ*, nor the little one 'in the blue silk smock,'—now the little blue one *is* clever, but the misty fellow every body dislikes, so I calls him one of the *damned.* I am all pins to know how the *Brigand* will please. If this and the *Rebecca* please as well as you and W—— tell me the first did, I shall be a happy dog for a year,—and then when I shew you '*Hagar and Ishmael,*' and '*Lieutenant Manning taking a Britisher prisoner at Eutaw,*' you will say, 'if this is the way things are done up in Rome, the young man had better remain there until he has numbered his fortieth summer, and return established in reputation, adorned with the evidences of hard thinking (deeply cut wrinkles,) and a sconce bald, and polished,—(externally!) My hair is cut off in the hope of restoring it to its original luxuriance, (am I not too old?) and I am now all moustache and beard,—the tuft on my chin looks Vandykish. I *must* stay, at least, another year here,—*ten* years would not suffice me; there is *so much to do!* Huntingdon and Leutzé are both in Italy. Leutzé painted in Philadelphia when I studied there,—a German by birth,—he is about thirty-two years of age, and an able fellow.

I thank you for those few lines, where you tell me to stay as long as I can,—*I will.* If I can be here

for four or five years, I will come to New York and feel like a well armed warrior, bold and confident enough to front the best of the opposing ranks, and be a champion for my country's art! That's poetical."

This was the last letter from him before his illness. How mournfully interesting the bright fond hopes of high excellence, and anxious devotion to the opportunities around him! But the rich and promising buddings of his fine genius, which needed but a suitable soil and careful cultivation, to expand into the brilliant flower, pregnant with germs to scatter widely its beauties, was doomed, like that of the field, to be cut down and wither away!

"*Aug.* 5. Since July I have been constantly at work. To-day we have a fixed storm,—the clouds seem immoveable, and let down 'the fast descending rain' in torrents. We in our dark chambers are forced to stay at home, and write letters to friends, or sketch compositions for future historicals. Titian,—Paul Veronese,—Tintoretto!!! How utterly impossible to judge of the strength of these men, until Venice has been visited! *Color and chiaro oscuro carried to the climax!* This is made the one grand requisite in art by the force and genius of this great triumvirate. Composition, sentiment (sacred or profane,) is pressed down into a subordinate

post;—these wonderful necromancers make a man forget for a time that there are higher aims in art, than their own great qualities. Their rich florid eloquence enchants us at once, and we are disposed to give it our credence, and disbelieve all the other schools. Many a struggle with self,—many a grave caution and sage reflection have I called up from memory's seat, to save me in moments of temptation, when I have felt myself yielding to the spells of these *old boys*. The purity of thought and feeling, and poetic conceptions of Raphael and Domenichino have been for days entirely forgotten, whilst meditating before the splendid flashes of the Venetians. Nothing but a view of his works can convey an idea of Paul Veronese;—countless square feet of canvass, crowded with figures, and rich in architectural design, and painted with a truth of out-door sunshine effect unequalled,—heaven's broad glare at mid-day, painted as no other man ever has, or ever will paint again. If management of paint, mere mechanical dexterity, with a wondrous knowledge of the science and just equilibrium of colour, constituted the essence of our art, and gave it its place among the liberal professions, Paul Veronese, would stand pre-eminent,—but *ornamental* work is not *our* grade,—it rises to the dignity to which M. Angelo and Raphael ascended, and sits on high, clothed in *intellectual* majesty.

Monday, Aug. 14. Upwards of a week and nothing added to my Journal,—like other duties, it has been neglected. I have worked steadily the day-light through, and enjoyed the moonlight each evening from our balcony,—one effect, the moon behind *the Salute*, looking like a lamp *in* the dome, I must paint.

I took a gondola one lovely night with R—— and L—— and B——, and with the guitar and their science and my *appreciation* of their united skill, the time passed gloriously. Diana undid her cold smile, and looked as warmly as though her own Eudymion had made one among our crew.

Last night we enjoyed the *Grand Passeggiata* in gondolas on the Grand Canal, in honour of the Duke of Modena. He seems to be a man of fifty-five or sixty,—was seated in the same gondola with the Arch Duke, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, and two ladies, one the Arch-duchess. The fun and frolic was uproarious,—the hundreds of gondolas afloat caused a swell among the waters of the canal, and the unruly movements of the boats. The swinging to and fro in the air of the thousand gondoliers, and their shouts and hallos, as they grazed each others' sides or dreaded a concussion, made the scene, particularly after dark, when various coloured lights were burning and rockets filled the heavens, splendidly brilliant.

A sudden storm of rain drove us to the snug shelter of our houses two hours sooner than we *bargained for.*

It was very dark at the Church, so I made a sketch from P. Veronese on the ceiling, "*Esther coming out from being chosen by the King.*"

Tuesday, Aug. 15. Festa of the Virgin,—no work, the churches being closed against us. I passed the day reading, and at the Ducal Palace. I also went to the bath, where the Arch Duke was among the swimmers.

Aug. 16. Made a sketch of "*Ahasuerus crowning Esther,*" at St. Sebastian, by Veronese,—quick work for a day, but I feared I had lost my rapidity of hand, and this I did for a trial,—it is also a good "bit of color" for a painter to refer to.

Sunday. Last night the *Piazza St. Marco,* was for the first time illuminated with gas,—it was a brilliant display, the whole populace crowded to witness something new in this old world. The Arch Duke Charles with a numerous cortege of gentlemen and ladies, promenaded for an hour;—three bands of music kept the echos awake for three successive hours. These Venetian girls seen by gas light outshine all "creation;"—the effect of this light is to me painful,—the appearance of the buildings by a light, neither day nor night is disagreeable. I love the old place by day, and by night I love it no less, but this

usurpation of night time I dislike. To see the domes, minarets and columns losing themselves in the darkness, and the point of the *campanile* reaching beyond the vision, had something wonderfully grand in it,—now *gas* has brought all into full blaze, and it is to be always *day* about these glorious old skies.

I took a gondola this morning with R—— and went to see churches for three hours. Saw a "*Marriage of St. Catharine*" by P. Veronese,—silvery in colour,—nothing more remarkable about it, than one usually finds in this master,—there is always much to admire and more to blame, no story told, no passion expressed, but a rich and harmonious assemblage of colour always presented to the eye. The Catharine has a pretty face and is richly draped,—two angels singing are graceful conceptions.

At St. Guiseppe, an obscene Veronese, and tombs, huge piles of unmeaning marble of Rimini and his consort;—at St. Niccolo nothing. At St. Peter's place, formerly the Cathedral of Venice till St. Mark took its place in 1807, I saw a gorgeous show of chapels and monuments,—a Veronese with three figures and flying angel, good. Went to *St. Giovanni* and *St. Paul*, and saw the "*Peter Martyr*" of Titian again. It and the votive altar piece at the Frari, are the *two gems* of the Venetian school,—the landscape, angels, and flying figure, nothing in art can ever excel,—who will ever equal them?

The exhibition of modern works closed to-day at the Academy of the Fine Arts;—it has been opened two weeks and caused the ejection of us copyists from the presence of the old masters. The whole affair has been poor enough,—a picture of "*A poor woman offering her breast to a tired soldier*," possesses fine drawing and modelling. The "*Charity*" has two pelicans well painted,—the picture of "*Night*," by the same artist, and only exposed this last day, is "the crack,"—it is highly poetic. The figure of Night, is a beautiful female, (naked to the waist,) with bat's wings and green tunic, and a dark cloak, —under her dusky wings *crime* and *murder* are concealed, and the whole group, skilfully shaded by the large flowing folds of *Night's* sombre mantle. *Murder* is depicted under the figure of a child, heedless, thoughtless and mischievous, brandishing from right to left, the sword of death,—the other figure, a female wrapped in a dark robe, and concealing her face in its folds;—the owl hoots through the dark firmament making night hideous with his fearful croak, —a dark line of richly swelling mountains bounds the horizon, and floating in the faint glimmerings of departed day, the figures of fiends and devils and the whole catalogue of vices are seen bounding on their various courses. The sable hues of midnight are happily caught, and the artist (Buzato) has reason to be proud of his production.

Tuesday, Aug. 22. At *St. Sebastian*, I met an English lady and her beautiful daughter,—talked art and other nonsense for an hour,—clever woman on the tongue, but only gave the custode *one cent!* for showing Paul Veronese's *chef d'ouvre!*—and all my chat thrown in. What can I make of her, a smart governess, or a poor poetess? If we meet again I'll try my skill in pumping,—my curiosity is excited,—"Pistol's blood is up."

Friday, Aug. 25. A lady seated herself at my side, and began drawing a small statue. I offered her some attentions, etc. in Italian, but as she spoke French to her maid, I gave her a French dash,—after a while, she talked English for practice, and I was regularly installed as teacher of *drawing and English*, and have heard since, that she is a Russian princess. Hope she may come again,—one day's interview with such a little gem of a brunette, and that northern too, is just the thing for me, and I must be more agreeable at our next meeting.

Sunday, Aug. 27. I went with T—— in a gondola to the Church of the *Madonna del Orto*, the most splendid church of the Gothic order in Venice. Tintoretto has several works here of great beauty in his way,—the "*Last Judgment*" gave free scope to his wild fantasies and he has revelled to the full. The Father, Son and Virgin on high,—the last trump is sounding above them, and beneath are the angels

with sword and scales,—then follows the terrific hurly burly of the damned,—men and women (mostly the latter,) are tumbling by myriads into the "inferno," —a rapid river receives them;—the centre of the picture is cut through by a deep fall in the river, which pours impetuously on, bearing all before it down, down to hell. All struggling and hope seems vain, when this point is once past,—many are rolling over the cascade, and are lost forever, whilst a group of angels snatch one soul from the brink and are floating off towards heaven!

"*The worship of the Golden Calf*," I did not like so much,—(a real calf decked with golden ornaments,) —though there are fine points; but what mean those chains of gold as large as a seventy-four's cable? For what were they originally intended? These unmeaning whims make a great defect in this master. "*The Martyrdom of St. Agnes*," is good again,—the Saint and her little lamb make as perfect a picture of innocence as any canvass exhibits. Thence we went to *St. Catharine's* again,—I like the P. Veronese better.

Again we went to the *Frari*,—that *Titian is the pattern* for depth and richness and brilliancy of tone and color,—I must have a sketch of that. Went to the "*Belle Arti*," and saw a fat Englishman break a chair and have a tumble, whilst seated in admiration before the "*Ascension*," of Titian,—had it been an

Italian, he would have cried, "per Bacco," but John Bull bellowed out a more sinful national oath.

Sept. 2, 1843. Yesterday two years since I sailed for Liverpool! How many sad changes have occurred! And yesterday, I learned that *Washington Allston*, the greatest of American painters, has been taken from earth to join his God! Even in my small, small circle has Death been busy,—and some doubtless there are, for whom I shall seek in vain when I return,—(should that privilege be allowed me,) of whose decease, I shall never hear by letter. And in the midst of this mortality among my friends, have I grown more serious or more wise? Have the thoughts that rise so aptly when we hear that the hand of death hath grasped forever one who was dear to us, been profitable to me? Or have I shuddered for a moment, and then in the busy hum of life's pastimes, forgotten that they ever lived? How cold and callous do we become, as the sun of our lives declines! Intelligence, that, in the tender years of youth, started the gushing fountains of the heart and eyes, in maturer age falls dull and listlessly on the ear, or if it moves us, it is only for a moment and then is forgotten forever!

September 7. Yesterday was my birth-day,—alas! and alack the day! Went with T—— and K—— to the Palazzo Reale in front of Santo Marco,—"*Venice throned, supported by Force and Plenty*," with a

beautiful female head in one corner, (*that* face perfect,) painted on the ceiling, is a master-piece;—"*Christ in the Garden,*" supported by an angel, by the same artist, is very fine,—besides several Bassanos. In the large room formerly the library, fronting on the Piazzetta, the ceiling is choked with paintings,—some "*Philosophers*" by Tintoretto and Schiavone, and three of the compartments by P. Veronese. The other eighteen by Salviati,—J. Baptiste Franco,—Zelotti,—Padovanino,—Strozzi,—Schiavone,—Lucinius,—all this part of the Palais Royal is called the *Procuratie Nuove.* At *St. Maria Formosa* saw a *St. Barnaba,*—it is a portrait, full length, by Palma Vecchio, of his daughter, (Titian's wife,) superior to any thing Titian ever made of her,—its beauty is maddening! and as a work of art unsurpassed for a single figure. To several other churches,—St. Lio,—Pantaleone,—and others, and found something clever in all. Finished off at three o'clock at the Belle Arti, then went home, and painted an angel in my copy of Paul Veronese. In the evening, went to the Piazza, and strolled with R—— and T—— till ten, and then at home read Reynolds till twelve o'clock. So endeth the — year of my being. Should it please the Almighty disposer to give me as many more years as I have already lived, through what variety of untried scenes am I to pass,—dangers by land and sea,—death of friends and relatives,—ill

succeeding ill, till time in its rapid flight brings me to the door of death. A well spent life and entire confidence in the goodness and mercy of God, will be the only support under such accumulating evils,—may my life be a preparation for death!

Sunday, September 11. I received a letter from B——, in answer to the money I sent for poor Clevenger. Poor fellow!—he is indeed miserable in mind and body,—the sea voyage may save him, but I fear the result will be fatal. Mrs. Griffin, wife of Lieut. Griffin, and daughter of Commodore Lawrence, died in Florence on Sunday last. I met her mother and herself at a Hotel at Marseilles two years ago, when we were all coming to Italy,—here I am,—and she a saint in heaven!

Wrote last night a letter of condolence and cheering to Clevenger,—to-day I was to start with T—— for Padua, but the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Huntingdon and Mr. C——, prevented it. Met Mr. H. and lady and Mr. C. in the *Piazza St. Marco*, and was introduced by Mr. T. amid the tuneful soundings of thirty-six musicians,—chatted for two hours, and found them amiable and pleasing. Mr. H. mentioned having seen my "*Christ and Angels*" in New York. * * * * * * * * * * * *

Quite complimentary,—but is this an equivalent for the half year of harrassing toil that it cost me to produce it? Monsieur Tyrrell, (a pupil of Delaroche,)

whom I have known for eighteen months, is on his way to France,—called to see me, with his wife,—he has laboured hard and will take quite a respectable stand in art,—his copies are admirable, and he has a church to paint on his arrival in his native province. Here we part to meet no more perhaps,—though in my old age I may cross the water, and stumble on him in Paris,—may we both prosper!

Sunday, 17th September. Heard from Mr. Hoit that Clevenger and family have sailed from Leghorn for home. At eight this morning bargained for a gondola to take R—— and myself to Torricello, eight miles distant, to await our commands and return, for seven zwanzigers, (one dollarand twenty-five cents.) Every thing favoured our excursion,—the weather a fair sample of that soft pellucid mildness known best by the word *drowsy*,—all nature seemed to languish with sweetness, and our own bodies partook the infection. Two stout gondoliers plied the oars, and we skimmed the main like martins on the wing. At Mazzorbo, (one of the twenty-five islands that lie around Venice,) we were asked for our passports,—knew not that such a caution was needed, and were without them,—shewed ourselves before the chief cook, and as we looked like harmless or distinguished strangers, were permitted to pass on, and landed a half mile farther at our destination. The Guide-book, (Murray's,) published last year, told us of "magnifi-

cent remains of palaces, rising from their grassy couches,"—we found the latter, but not the slightest vestige of the former;—there are eight or ten fishermen's hovels; the Duomo, and the adjoining church, however, fully repaid our disappointment. The Mosaic, worked before the tenth century, are as good as Giotto's first pictures,—the pulpit is a gem of Greek sculpture, and the perfect preservation of parts of it surprised and charmed us,—the floor beautifully inlaid with Mosaic also. Back of the choir, the semi-circle of seats, with the chair of the presiding bishop in the centre, gives one a complete idea of an ancient Roman theatre,—one thing is unique in its way,—the window shutters are each composed of one solid slab of stone, and turn on huge iron hinges,—an enormous mass of rock, cut into a chair, and planted in the centre of a meadow, (piazza,) is called the seat of Attila,—was used, it is supposed, at the inauguration of a new ruler. We strolled about the vineyards, ate grapes and figs at will, and "without money or price,"—soliloquized and talked sentiment, and watched boys at play, and being satisfied with a three hours stay, took to our gondola,—touched at the island of Burano, sailed by Murano, and St. Michaele, and returned to our homes light hearted and joyous,—may many such days attend us in life's weary pilgrimage! So fleeting and uncertain are all hopes and calculations for the future,

that the wise man will dwell only with the present, learning while it is passing from his grasp, how to value the hours that are coming,—so onward we go, improving by experience, and attain at last the method of using our time with profit as well as pleasure.

Monday, September 18. R——, L—— and myself went to the Lido to be witnesses of an Italian fête: groups of men, women and children were scattered about the grounds, dancing and romping to the music of two or three minstrels. In another part tables were spread and crowded with amateurs of good cheer,—wine, bread, cheese and fruits, oiled down by plump looking fritters, formed the chief supplies. The dancing was really Italian,—old age and buoyant youth tripped it side by side, and the echoes of the Lido rang with the hilarity of this gay and strangely sorted medley. We floated home in our gondola at one o'clock,—no sound broke over our silent journey,—a spotless sky, winking stars, and St. Marks looking like a fairy city! Shall I not suffer long and much, before I re-visit again this loved land? In a few days more we part,—perhaps forever!

Tuesday. Saw to-day a funeral: a wealthy citizen having passed three score and ten, has been called away,—the palace is next but one to ours, (Quirini,) and the family Contarini. The gondolas of the acquaintances and friends of the defunct, gathered in

great numbers around the palace,—some of them having small flags with the armorial bearings of the family painted on them,—most of the gondoliers in livery;—the corpse was taken from the back of the palace, and borne to the landing in front of the "Belle Arti," accompanied by chanting priests, and protected by a file of soldiers;—the poor people of this ward were all present,—to each of them, the old man had left one dollar, and a candle to be burnt before the shrine of the Madonna, accompanied in orisons for his soul. The payment of the dollar does not always ensure the rightful application of the candle,—it is often sold to the grocer for less than its value, (twenty-five cents,) and the proceeds used in nourishing living bodies, instead of helping dead ones through purgatory. It was Francois Contarini, (Ambassador from the Venetian republic in 1541, to Charles V.,) who discovered at Brussels the manuscript account of the taking of Constantinople in 1203, under Dondolo,—written by Ville Hardouin, one of the commanders of the expedition.

Sunday, Sept. 24. Saw the Churches of *St. Luke* and the *Scalzi*,—in the first, nothing but doubtful Tintorettos, in the latter, a surfeit of rich marbles. At *St. Niccolo del Tolentino*, a beautiful interior,—a picture very like Rubens', and two splendid paintings by Bonafazio,—one, "*Herod's daughter taking the head of John on a platter into the palace of her fa-*

ther,"—the pendant is a supper, the table cloth and a boy with his back to the spectator, and a dog jumping against him are prodigies of color. At St. Giacomo del'Orio, are four heads by Paul,—nothing for *him*, —"*St John preaching in the Wilderness*," by Bassano, is fine,—and another by the same, "*An old Canon reading*," attended by John the Baptist (very fine figure,) and another saint, the landscape glorious. Went to the Palazzo Reale,—that landscape in the first room by Bonafazio, is my landscape in Venice.

And poor Clevenger is on his westward way,—how changed his hopes, how well founded all his fears! He came three short years since, accompanied with the flattery of friends, and the buoyancy of spirits it inspires,—now sad, dejected, disappointed and dying, he turns towards his native shore, perhaps never to reach it,—and if he should, it will only be to tell his tale of sorrows to heedless ears, and experience the maddening truth, that he has been forgotten, as the idol of an hour! Whilst he was new, he attracted, but now, other than he fills his former post,—in prosperity he was sought, in this the day of his adversity, he will be shunned;—that he has escaped the fangs of cruel creditors, and the slanderous tongue of his Florentine co-labourers I am glad,—I fear though, he is pursued by one, who is never cheated of his prey,—Death is in his wake! May God avert the destroyer! How well I recall

him, ten months ago in my room at Florence, hale and hearty,—how uncertain is life! How frail mortality! To-day flourishing, to-morrow cut off and gone forever,—the place that once knew us, knowing us no more! His poor wife too! At this moment, who can feel her situation? Three young children and a sick husband,—lonely, unhappy, desolate,—traversing the mighty deep, without hope for the future, or a sympathetic friend to cheer the dreariness of her solitude,—God help her in her distress!

Sunday, Oct. 1. All the last week I have been making *a study* of Tintoretto's picture of the "*Ascension of the Virgin*,"—one day more will complete it,—in the afternoon I painted at home on the copy of a Paul Veronese for Columbia. Unwell to-day, I walked along the quai to the public gardens in the "impregnating sun," and was benefitted,—saw a lady the image of one of my departed friends.

At *St. Marks* there were scores of travellers, (this is their season,)—saw the treasures, candlesticks and roods of solid gold, and splendid workmanship,—besides many sainted relics.

Sunday, Oct. 8. The past week made a sketch of Titian's *St. John*,—worked on my portrait of myself* for Col. J. L. Manning, and my copy of P. Ver-

* This was the last work of De Veaux and admirably finished; the engraving from it for this Memoir, was kindly and liberally presented to the author by Col. Manning. It is a faithful copy, and adds to the reputation of the engraver, Mr. T. B. Welch, another son of South Carolina.

onese,—spent several evenings in the Piazza with R—— and L——, looking first seaward, then turning to gaze upon the only fairy scene I know,—St. Mark and its happy populace! What regrets is the memory of this enchanting city to occasion? I feel it even here, how much more when I shall be immured in my contracted chamber this winter at Rome,—but oh! still worse, when the broad ocean divides it and me,—when cotton beds and potatoe patches hem me in, then will I weep for the days of St. Mark, and long once more to be bounded by the classic lines of Palladio and Sansovino.

I received a letter to-day from Healy,—he is doing well,—the King is pleased with his Washington, which is in Versailles, and talks of Healy's going again to America to copy other revolutionary heroes for him,—he painted Webster for Lord Ashburton, and vice versa,—also Lady Ashburton for her ladyship,—noble fellow! he deserves all his good fortune, and more.

Monday, Oct. 9. Visited the "Bridge of Sighs,"—much more picturesque and romantic from without; nothing has disappointed me more than this, and the custode, a matter-of-fact sensible man, corrected all our romance with his facts;—the bridge has no reason in its name, as it was the only private communication betwixt the palace and the prison,—but many who passed it for trial were found innocent

and liberated,—all the stories to the contrary are poetic. There are two passages,—one leading to the cells of political disturbers, the other for prisoners of less importance,—so, "I too have stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs."

Cooper's bravo was arrested here; that gave a little dash of interest to my visit. L—— brought off a pound or two of the *wall* that he found loose,—I a scrap from the room in which the doomed were privately put to death. After our descent from the bridge, we went into the prisons,—there are twenty-four apartments, *not one below water*,—they were all boarded, but the French burnt the panelling (which ensured dryness,) in many of the rooms,—some escaped in the chamber where political offenders were confined;—the ceiling was never boarded, and many an enthusiastic sentiment is cut in its rude material, one by a preacher dated 1606. The doors to the cells are all removed, but it appears that they were all double doors,—I expected my visit to be more exciting, but it has been the reverse,—owing perhaps to my being unwell. In another week I must be off,—Mantua, Padua, Modena and Florence I hope will receive me well.

Tuesday, Oct. 10. Three months have I sojourned here,—nothing in that time has transpired to change the old course of events,—the flow and reflux of the Adriatic into the broad and narrow canals is still

uninterrupted. Austria rules us yet, and her splendid soldiery parading every spot of terra firma, keeps us awed into subjection,—the morning and evening guns peal it at the arsenal,—men and women, with the hopes and fears of selfish mortals, are active in pursuit of their own profit,—the dark swift gondola is by sun beams and moonlight always on its silent way,—the piazza and piazzetta of St. Marco have their crowd of busy bodies by day, and a brilliant collection of beauty and fashion at night, who gather to court, intrigue, and play each other false or fair, to the sound of the loveliest music that ever waked the echoes of Italy;—and I have been the willing participator in this pleasing, exciting life-preserving jostle,—a few days more and I leave it to regret it alway,—our long sombre episodes upon the uncertain tenure of an artist's hopes shall then be hushed; our various speculations regarding marriage and its cameleon hues will be finished,—Venice and the peculiar train of thought conjured by its poetic presence will slumber in our memories for a season, and be numbered with things dimly recalled. R—— and I will part to pursue our various chances,—to battle and be baffled,—to struggle against the fluctuating caprices of a heartless world,—to be raised by hope to the pinnacle of our aspirings, and then by the rough voice of envy, calumny or criticism, thrown back into the crowd unnoticed,—perhaps degraded.

Thursday, Oct. 12. Finished my copy to-day, and painted on my portrait. I saw in the gallery this morning "*Death on the pale Horse,*" by Palma Giovene, a gorgeous conception, and poetic in *chiar oscuro* and colour.

October 13. Visited the Arsenal,—commenced in 1304, it has been continually added to since,—its circumference is more than two miles, and is surrounded by strong walls and towers,—the principal gate is its chief beauty,—sculpture by pupils of Sansovino, and a commanding figure of St. Justiana by Jerome Campagna crowns it;—they were executed in 1517 in commemoration of a victory of the Turks; four lions in marble, said to be Grecian, but very shapeless,—the one to the left as you approach is supposed to have been made to commemorate the battle of Marathon. The armour of Henry the Fourth which he presented when he asked to be made patrician,—the gold keys presented to Napoleon,—the monument to Angelo Erno,—the gondolas of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, and the model of the Bucentaur interested me most;—the different implements of Turkish and Persian warfare interspersed with conquered banners are stale things.

The Bucentaur (the original,) was one hundred feet long,—had one hundred and sixty-eight rowers, four to each oar.

I took a gondola for two hours and went to the

island of Murano to visit the glass works,—small fry. Passing *St. Marks* the treasures were exposed,—went in and saw the gorgeous "pala," presented by Doge Orseolo I., under whose reign in 976 the church was commenced,—finished in 1071, under Silvio.

Sunday, Oct. 15. My last Sabbath in Venice,—a sky that seems the true pathway to heaven, so pure and transparent, has been these three months mildly bending o'er us its sweet face rarely wreathed in clouds. The sun's "magnetic ray" has put new life and spirit into me,—the morning has found me prepared for labour, and at the evening's approach I have been rife for the cheap pleasures of the city;—to start a gondola with two or three musical friends, and glide through the canals of Venice, lighted only by the artistic moon, who gives such light and shade to the splendid facades of the sea girt palaces, as to present a picture that nothing but moonlight and Venice can make us realize. We help to waken the echoes of the night by our song, and when we hush our dulcet sounds, 'tis only to catch those more plaintive and harmonious, coming to us from out the shadow of some tall pile,—a light glimmers in the casement,—the tuneful compliment is acknowledged, and the happy lover scudding o'er the wave goes home to golden dreams!—or if not disposed for water's witching sights, terra firma has her charms.

Nightly in the Piazza of St. Mark the fashion of the city is congregated,—the Arch-duke proudly strutting with some lady of the court is jostled by his dandy tailor, who is in turn brought into collision with *his* cobbler,—gas light and moonlight are there and every face distinctly seen. Poets and painters are there, and find food, poor wretches! for their pens and pencils,—the fat and greasy citizen soap boiler with his plump wife and rosy girls inhale the breeze of the piazzetta as it comes fresh from the sea. What a happy people are we! talking, laughing and floating along life's weary road, we rob it of its rougher edge.

Wednesday, Oct. 18. A beautiful day,—the sun has risen gloriously, and I shall have his beams to cheer me as I leave the city. Venice adieu!—joyous and happy have the hours flown since I came within thy watery walls. I may some day re-visit thy sweet charms, but the pleasures of my stay can never again be what they have been;—youth is passing and with it the keen relish for joys that are present; the memory of the past, however, can never be effaced, and Venice shall ever be cherished as one of the greenest spots in my recollection. It has suddenly clouded and stormed at such a furious rate as to prevent my departure. About eleven o'clock it cleared and I went to the Foscari Palace to visit the last of that noble race,—an old lady eighty-two years

of age, seated in an old fashioned chair, very plainly dressed and her little white satin cap trimmed with lace, received me. She was chatting with one as old or older than herself, in a little corner of the palace which once sent forth edicts that moved the world to war or peace,—here, decrepid and almost childish, sat the last descendant of the past greatness of the proud Foscari! With the name of Chistoforo Colombo, I roused her memory to the recollection of my home, and she sounded his name often, as though it recalled some long forgotten story;—when I told her of the country far off that her countryman had discovered, and the millions that had sprung up there, and our splendid cities, and the interests we occupants of a new country felt in the past history of the old world,—and mentioned how the name of her own family was often sounded as being among the greatest in history, she seemed amazed and delighted. All the other apartments of the palace (which is rapidly falling to decay,) are occupied by tradesmen and their families;—thus passeth the glory of the world!

Went afterward to the Piazza of St. Mark and mounted the campanile,—the wind was fresh, the clouds had dispersed and left a clear atmosphere,—snow fell the night before and the mountains look magnificent.

Thursday. A glorious day,—surely I am not again

to be balked to-day. Venice, addio!—"the memory of joys that are past, is pleasant but mournful to the soul!"

Padua, Friday, October 20. I arrived here (twenty-three miles,) yesterday in three hours from Venice. At three o'clock I was sauntering about this venerable town. The rail road made a mile in fifty-eight seconds by my watch,—the country is flat and uninteresting. The Palace of Reason is a rich old structure standing in the middle of a great Piazza,—it contains the longest single room in the world,—three hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and one hundred high,—lotteries are drawn there. The church of *St. Justina* is a wonder,—it strikes one at first entrance as being larger than St. Peters!—the symmetry of its parts, and the harmony of the *ensemble*, is superior in my opinion to any thing I ever saw,—the mere foundation to all the material was originally intended for its entire construction! Paul Veronese has a good picture of the martyrdom of the saint. *St. Antonio* is a brilliant of the first water,—built in the ancient gothic style, it has six cupolas, flanked by two bell towers,—the interior is wonderful!—the sculptures, bronzes, bas-reliefs, are all in keeping with the architecture of the church, and is the only entire specimen of Gothic to my conception I know of,—it satisfies one entirely. The Chapel of St. Felice, said to have been painted in fresco before Giotto, is superior in *execution* to Giotto,—there is

much by Donatello, beside the splendid equistrian statue of *Erasmus di Nani*, in front of the building. The tomb of *St. Antonio* is the great attraction, and devotees flock around it all the day,—it is by Sansovino, and worthy of him, though the original burying place at its side, painted in fresco in 1075, is much more suited for a grave house. The University, as you stand in the yard, presents nothing to the eye but "coats of arms" and heads of men,—both the lower and upper stories are literally lined,—there is no room for after-comers;—the observatory, a former prison of Ezzelino da Romana, rises above it all. *La prato della Valle* has no rival,—an island in the city,—it is of an elliptical form, five hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and three hundred and twenty-four broad, and is surrounded by water brought in from the Brenta,—four beautiful little bridges cross the canal, and inside and outside the canal, and entirely around this green spot, are splendid statues of Paduan favourites,—some strangers, two of Canova's are among them. Pyramids, etruscan vases, etc., are placed all over the grounds. It is a perfect gem,—the races are run around it.

At the Stella d'oro I had a quarrel with the fat omnibus driver that brought me to the Hotel;—it helps to circulate the blood, these storms in a strange language, so much is done by the raising of shoulders and eye brows!

Started at two o'clock for Vicenza and Verona

with the smoothest faced villain I ever had the ill luck to ride with,—bargained with him to go to Verona for *ten* zwanzigers, at Vicenza; however, at night he came to my room to beg for *the* half, five *francs*,—I denied the justice of the claim,—we both warmed up, and for twenty minutes boiled with wrath,—as usual nothing was settled then, but at the end of the journey I had the *ten francs* to pay. Arrived at Vicenza (eighteen miles,) at five o'clock. I strolled around it,—went to see the Palazzo Vecchio, and many of the churches. Started at five next morning for Verona, (thirty miles off,)—I remained two hours at Verona,—first went to Juliet's grave!—quoted Shakspeare over it, picked a tuft of grass, etc; thence to the Olympic Circus,—thence to the splendid tombs of the Scaglieri,—then took a seat for Mantua, (twenty-five miles distant,)—rode part of the way with a clever, chatty gentleman, and arrived at Mantua at seven, p. m. Rose in the morning early, and walked about the wide streets of the city,—took coffee, and struck a bargain to be off at nine o'clock for Guastalla, eighteen miles farther. A splendid road, but a horse that heeded not his guide, nor the burthen he bore,—however, by dint of whipping we reached our post at two o'clock, and engaged a fellow to take me to Parma, twenty-two miles, for five francs. Before we started, however, the police sent word that my passport had not been seen and stamped at

Mantua,—confound these little possessions! I only stopped twelve hours in the place, and besides, it was not asked for at the Hotel, a thing I never knew them before fail to do, when necessary, (and often when quite unnecessary, as they make money by it).

So here was I paraded about the town by a soldier, followed by the driver of the coach I was to start with, who was quarrelling with me about detaining his other passengers,—what a figure I cut here to be sure,—Sunday,—every body in the street, and I "the observed of all observers," sputtering a foreign language, and looking as fiercely as I could at my opponent,—what a farce! After an hour and a half's detention, I was sped on my way, instead of being sent back to Mantua, which I assuredly would have been, but for the kind interference of a fellow passenger, a man some fifty years of age, a resident in Parma,—had served many a gay Frenchman during the wars of Napoleon,—talked French well, and was so kind and useful to me, as to win my heart entirely,—he argued my case so well before the authorities that they gave in, and I got out of Guastalla. Blessings on the old gentleman! At eight o'clock arrived at Parma, dined and went to bed fagged.

Monday, Oct. 23. Rose early,—read my guide book, and started to find my way about,—my organ of locality is improving,—first fell in with the *Stic-*

cato, a beautiful church in the form of a Greek cross, —the cupola well painted,—strolled about the grand plâce, and passed Maria Louisa's residence, (she is in the country,) and found the *Cathedrale*, which is the chief attraction to the artist. The grand cupola was painted by Correggio, and places him by the side of M. Angelo and Raphael,—time and dampness have almost obliterated many parts, but there is enough left in a complete form to stamp the character of the artist's mind,—sublime and grand in conception, and marvellously wrought out,—some of his prophets and sybils are next kin to M. Angelo's! The graceful movements of his angels superior to any save Raphael! At St. John's Church there are earlier works with the same feeling,—his "*Hunt of Diana*," in an old convent, (strange subject for a holy residence!) is very various and exquisite,—the small figures in black and white especially,—the "*Satyr blowing a Conch*," is inimitable. I went thence to the Academy of Fine Arts, where I staid the rest of the day, before the two pictures of Correggio, "*St. Jerome*," and the "*Return from Egypt.*" I have been pleased, delighted, charmed, whilst standing in the presence of Titian, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto,—but I have never been spell-bound before, as I was by St. Jerome,—I could not tear myself away from this fac simile of nature's own self, in her loveliest moment,—color can do no more,

—by some mysterious management, tint floats into tint, and light and shade mingle so softly together, as to form a globe of light that the eye is never willing to turn from,—there are no lines,—no clue,—one surface of floating vehicle that cannot be caught, plays before the vision and eludes enquiry. To copy such a work is impossible,—it is the offspring of a peculiar mind, and none other can produce it with the same felicity,—one thing is strange,—I have never liked the picture, though I have often seen the copy by Baroccio, in the Pitti at Florence, and engravings of it, but the first view of the original changed all my ideas. The Virgin and the kneeling Saint are lovely female heads,—the Angels and the Saviour are not handsome, but almost appear so, from the effect of the surprising quality of color,—and the colors so simple! Naples yellow, Venetian red in flesh, and Vermillion in St. Jerome's drapery, and ultra marine, —the sleeve and leg of the Saint kneeling are pale neutral lilac, very faint, almost lead color,—the curtain a deep orange. "*The Return from Egypt*," has the same simplicity,—burnt umber and asphaltum for fore-ground shadows, over raw umber and white, and other cool colors.

A very fine "*Entombment*," by Tintoretto, is here.

I have dined and written up my journal, and must now prepare for the *diligence* at five in the morning. Well, Parma and Correggio have been seen! How

many facilities have I possessed,—it is time to shew what use I can and will make of them. To Rome, to Rome! Nous verrons! Parma Locanda delle Tedeschi.

Here closes this agreeable Journal,—the record of the influences of the beauties of nature and of the works of art upon his poetic mind. And what more fitting work, had he made a choice, could he have selected for the climax of his enjoyment in art?—*St. Jerome of Parma!*—one of the three finest pictures in the world,—by many thought the greatest!

In a letter to an artist friend* in New York, he thus writes of this visit to Parma:

"At Mantua I stopped a night, and at Parma staid a day. *Correggio is there in all his glory.* His church ceilings remind me of M. Angelo; his picture of "*St. Jerome*" in the Academy, is the most splendid picture for color in the world! I was fresh from Venice, yet this picture in an instant took possession of me, and chased away the memory of those splendid things, with which for three months, I had been familiar. *It cannot be copied.* Correggio himself, never equalled it again. For my own pleasure, I would rather possess it than the Transfiguration of Raphael, which I have seen fifty times, but have never been so fascinated by its beauties. I sat before

* J. H. Shegogue, Esq., N. A.

this Correggio from eleven o'clock till five in the afternoon, only glancing at the things about me, to relieve my eye occasionally from its dazzling richness. I left Parma for Bologna, where I had previously spent some time,—and now comes an epoch in my life. Arrived within fifteen miles of Bologna, my passport was carefully examined and found to be wanting the signature of the Pope's representative at Venice, to pass through this part of his dominions, (at present in a state of insurrection). I was suspected of being some wild republican spirit, hastening to join the revolutionists, and was not only not allowed to proceed, but not permitted to remain at the point I had already reached; *the police ordered me immediately out of town;* there was nothing left for me but obedience. I was then but one day's journey from my destination, Florence; by this sad misfortune, I was obliged to take a one horse conveyance, and to avoid the Pope's possessions, was forced to cross one of the worst ranges of the Appennines, at this season a terrible undertaking, and for four days amidst rain, wind, snow and hail I plied my way; it lost me so many precious days, and the exposure has fixed a cold upon my lungs, which I fear will cost me more. This is a small inkling of the sweets of this form of government, and the Poetry of Italy."

Too true was his worst foreboding! Here was contracted the fell disease which gradually and progressively sapped his fine constitution, and after a protracted and painful illness brought him to the cold and silent grave. From a letter on "The Consular System," by C. Edwards Lester, late Consul at Genoa, I find among his notices of the violation of the rights of our citizens in foreign countries, mention of this outrage:

"During the recent disturbances in the Pontifical States, an American artist was arrested in his journey from Venice to Bologna, on suspicion of being concerned in some movement hostile to the Court of Rome. Not the slightest evidence existed of any such connection, nor was any charge preferred against him. He was ordered by the police to leave Bologna within one hour, or his head would pay the forfeit. He could not go forward without the safe conduct of the local authorities and he could not go back. He fled from Bologna with all haste, and abandoning the roads, where he might have easily fallen a prey to the barbarity of the *carrabinieri*, he escaped to the mountains, and made his way, as best he could, to Rome. It was in the coldest winter season, and exposure, hunger and fatigue sowed the seeds of pulmonary consumption in his system, which brought him to the grave in a few weeks! A wretched and innocent victim of tyranny!"

"This promising young artist's name was De Veaux from South Carolina. I am astonished that chivalric State has not before now laid the case before the President, insisting that satisfaction be demanded from the Court of Rome. I was informed that the gentleman who was then our Consul at Rome, neither asked any explanation of the matter, from the government of his holiness, nor even communicated any information on the subject to his own government at home!"*

Soon after his return to Rome, he was attacked with spitting of blood, which he neglected for several days,—until a more severe hemorrhage alarmed both himself and friends, and required the call of a physician. To the affectionate interest and devoted friendship of W. B. Chambers, Esq., of Carlisle, Pa., was he indebted for all that the warmest sympathy and most untiring attention could do for him. To that kind friend am I deeply obligated for weekly advices of the condition of De Veaux. The progress of his case is so well described in one of these communications, that I cannot avoid transcribing a portion of it here; I trust he will pardon the liberty I have taken with his affectionate letters.

* The Artist, the Merchant and the Statesman, vol. I, p. 224.

"SUBIACO, ———.

My Dear Sir:—You had surmised the truth in supposing that poor De Veaux's course was finished ere you wrote. He was then indeed we trust with his God forever and ever. I supposed at times during the last two months of his illness that he might survive a few days, but all who saw him could only desire that it might be so, his sufferings were so great.

My acquaintance commenced a year and a half since with him, on my first arrival in Rome. I had no letter to him, but on mentioning Mrs. C——'s name to him, he welcomed me as an old acquaintance. Mrs. C. had often spoken of him in the highest terms to me, and he had many questions to ask about her and her family, so that I soon felt at home with him. We did not then become very intimate, he had already formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Brown and Mr. Rossiter, American artists, then living in Florence, long before I had the pleasure of seeing him; still, though we were not intimate, I always went to him for counsel and advice,—no one I considered so capable of giving it. Last fall after his unfortunate journey from Venice, we met in Florence and returned to Rome together, took lodgings in the same house and were together during the month of November. He then found a

studio, but was obliged to take the chamber with it,—this we regretted as it separated us, and we had passed a month delightfully together. Two days after moving he had his first spitting of blood,—he told me it came on whilst he was sitting at his table, writing in the evening, and was evidently much alarmed. He then no longer delayed calling on a physician, which I had urged him to do before. The physician recommended leeches to be applied. He left a note at my room requesting me to come and see them applied the next morning. I went, and as I entered the room he had another raising of blood; he was exceedingly agitated and walking up and down his room said, 'oh dear Chambers, what does this mean? Can death be very near?' I said all I could to soothe him, and that there was no immediate danger, etc. The bleedings returned almost every day for a week, and his friends were with him constantly day and night. Mr. R. and myself spent the first two weeks with him, and as he seemed on the recovery, we engaged a woman to stay with him constantly night and day,—his friends seeing him during the day and evening. I was able to be with him more than the others, not having a studio, but drawing from plaister and copying in the galleries, whilst the others had their commissions to execute, and not so much time at their command. De Veaux also expressed to me his wish that I should be with

him as much as possible;—this I did during his illness, seeing him every day, several times, sometimes spending the last part of the day with him. For any attention I shewed him I was amply repaid by the grateful manner in which he received it. One reason of our intimacy was the inability of most of his friends to have any conversation with him on religious subjects, owing to some having had no religious education, and a disinclination in others to converse on such subjects. I myself had been brought up in a religious manner, and although I have often acted contrary to the dictates of a sound conscience, I feel the restraining influence of a mother's early counsels and prayers. Our friend early in his illness, expressed the wish, as soon as he was able, to connect himself with the church, but God ordered it otherwise,—he did indeed by partaking the communion with some of his friends, signify to all his intentions on this subject. Nor did his interest end on himself,—he loved to converse with all his acquaintances and urge on them the importance of preparing for a dying bed whilst in health, as few would probably have the same time afforded them, with which he was favoured. The last week of his illness he sent for two of his American friends who were about returning home,—they feared agitating him, but he said he must see them,—they came,—he talked long and earnestly to them on the subject of

religion,—they were both overcome. One threw himself on the bed and kissing and bathing poor De Veaux's hands with his tears, assured him he should never forget his counsels. When he first realized his disease had taken a turn that would in all probability end fatally, he set calmly about preparing for that great event. A week previously I had begun to fear the worst,—it alarmed me to see him declining and apparently losing strength every day. Such a week I hope never to pass again. In the midst of these symptoms he would talk to me about his future plans for the summer and winter. I listened but could scarcely make any reply, nor did I dare to tell him my opinion; his physician not having stated yet what he thought of his case. I entered the room soon after the physician had told him something of his condition. He had already written a memorandum of all that he wished done after his death,—handing it to me he desired me to read it and be guided by it in arranging his affairs. It was a solemn and affecting scene, such as I had never witnessed,—he called me to his side, and said "now I have nothing to do but to prepare for my death." This calmness did not always continue,—in speaking of yourself one day, he burst into tears, and said "oh! that I could see Dr. Gibbes once more, it is so hard to part and not see him again,"—of yourself, his mother, and Mr. W. H. jr., he spoke constantly,—

of Col. H., Mr. P. and Mrs. H. and Mr. M., he said greater kindness had no one received, than he from you all, particularly yourself. Of his kind friends here, I must not forget to mention particularly Mr. Huntingdon, from New York, to whom De Veaux was very much attached;—sometimes he would send for Mr. H's. pictures, admiring his talents very much, —a few days before his death he sent for one,—after looking at it some time, and expressing his pleasure at seeing it, he said, 'take it away, I wish to see no more paintings, I am going to a better place,' pointing to the blue sky, 'my home will soon be beyond that.'"

* * * * * * *

In the month of February, 1844, he seemed to improve for a short time, and to give hopes to his friends of recovery. At this time he was able to write two letters, one to his mother, the other to myself. From the latter is the following extract:

"From my friend Chambers you have had several letters, and I suppose full accounts of my misfortune, —a bursting blood-vessel and the loss of eight or ten pounds of blood in as many days, carried me down to death's door,—God heard my cries for help, and from the long terrible night which threatened to engulph me, he drew me back to give me time for prayer and repentence,—a warning so frightful how can I

ever forget? May all my hours be spent in the service of Him who has borne with me so long, and at last chastened me severely, that I might know the extent of his fatherly love, and search hereafter with heart, mind and body, 'to work out my soul's salvation with fear and trembling.'

"To-day is the sixty-fourth day of my confinement to my chamber,—the weather has for one month and more been rainy and windy and cold, and there are now no signs of its breaking. I am promised a ride the first fine day, and shall rejoice to see St. Peter's Dome again. I hope to mend faster when I get a little fresh air, and soon be able to work,—though it will be a long time before I can do much,—this to me is a source of much grief,—but who can resist the hand of the Almighty? Two days work was all I did in my studio before I sickened."

Mr. Chambers, in one of his kind letters, mentions the progress of his case from this time:

"Two days after writing you, he rode out for the first time, and enjoyed it exceedingly,—that evening a diarrhœa came on, which lasted two days, and made him very weak,—after two days he rode out again, by the Doctor's advice, and again it returned and weakened him so much that he never recovered, and now his cough troubles him at night, and tears his poor body very much. For the last four weeks he

has been declining gradually,—and you cannot imagine my feelings, my dear sir, when the truth flashed across my mind, that he was sinking to rise no more. The Doctor examined his chest with the Stethoscope, and has given certainty to our fears, and thinks it impossible for our poor friend to live long. He has himself remarked his loss of flesh and strength, and is evidently more emaciated than he was a week since,—his only cause of suffering now is the cough, which sometimes almost takes the breath from him. His friends are often with him, and he wants for nothing to make him as comfortable as he can be away from his friends. Whilst we lament his case, we have great cause for comfort and thankfulness, as he seems fully prepared for his last change. It is pleasant to be with him, he is so calm, and looks to the future with no dread. He is perfectly resigned to God's will, and expects to enter a better and brighter world, when it shall please God to call him hence. He is anxious to tell his friends his hopes, and advises them continually to seek preparation for a dying bed before they are laid there. Sometimes he is sad and and depressed, but nothing else can be expected. Every day he talks of you and his friends, but says he cannot hope to see you, and 'God's will be done.' He has received your letter giving him an account of the success of his 'Bandit,' which gave him great pleasure, and your bright anticipations of his high

promise in art affected him very deeply. Last week he expressed a desire to partake of the communion, and as there was an American clergyman here, (Mr. Storrs, of Whitestown, N. Y.) he officiated, and Mr. De Veaux enjoyed it very much. The Rev. Mr. Storrs visits our friend daily, and his visits are always most agreeable to him.

He sits up daily, and I suppose it impossible to speak with any certainty of the duration of his illness. His lustrous black eye is now sunken, but as brilliant as ever, but he is so weak and emaciated, and his cough so tears his poor frame, that I am compelled to join in his own prayer, that death may speedily relieve his sufferings. He said to me this morning, 'oh! I wish, if it is not wrong, that I may be speedily released from these sufferings.' He has but little appetite, yet that is constantly supplied by the kindness of his female American friends, who send him jelly, custard, etc., or whatever he fancies. Our dear friend is one that made friends wherever he went,—no one is his enemy, and all seek to alleviate his affliction. While I regret that one with his talents, and who promised to do honor to his country is thus early called away, yet I thank God that he departs to be with Christ forever."

The next letter is his last, and one of a touching and mournful character,—his farewell! to myself,—

the friend of his early youth,—the admirer of his maturer years. I feel that I would do injustice to the memory of the departed, were I to withhold it.

"ROME, March —, 1844.

From my dear and faithful friend, Chambers,* who has been with me in all my sickness, and helped me by his religious counsels, you will receive full accounts of my condition,—*do write fully to my poor mother, as there is none other I wish to do it, and do it as kindly as possible.* When I wrote you a month ago, I hoped myself out of danger, and had been improving. Since then all has changed,—and now physician and friends seem to think me past recovery. I have resigned myself to God, who in His goodness has given me *three months for prayer and*

---

*From Mr. D. Huntingdon, the most distinguished of our younger artists, I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a sketch of De Veaux a few days before his death. An extract from his letter having a special reference to the excellent Mr. Chambers, I think deserves to be here given.

"About the time of my making the sketch, being alone with our dear friend, he called me to his bed-side, and expressed his deep gratitude for the kindness and never-failing watchfulness of Mr. Chambers,—and his thankfulness to God for having provided for him so true a Christian friend in the time of need. He desired me to write to you and say how much Chambers had done for him. 'Tell him,' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'how he has watched over me,—how he has sacrificed his time, studies and health, to be my comforter, companion and nurse,—how he has been almost a mother and sister to me, and should he at a future time be established as a painter in Philadelphia, Dr. Gibbes must for my sake bear him in mind.' I have given you, as nearly as I can recollect, the words of our beloved friend. He died full of deep penitence and lively Christian hope, and conversed in the most affectionate manner with all his fellow students on the hopes of another life, and the necessity of a preparation for it."

repentance, and feel a strong hope that when life is past I shall go to dwell with Christ forever.

Whilst I have the strength, I must attend to a worldly matter. My gold watch and chain will be sent to you,—you must let your sons take them,—let R—— wear one and J—— the other, as mementoes of me.

Beg Mr. —— to forgive me all I owe him. I had hoped this winter to make my best effort for him, but all is past,—pray him for me not to let the world draw him off from God, but to prepare for death and judgment, which is the only value of life,—thank him for all his kindness to me, and beg him to say farewell to his kind mother and brother,—to my other friends say as much.

And to you, my dear friend, I must now bid adieu. God's will be done. May God bless you for your brotherly conduct always towards me, enabling me to do much for my poor family. I always hoped to be able to make some small return, but who can say what a day may bring forth? Let me beseech you, my dear friend, with wife and children, to devote yourselves to the service of God, taking no peace, night or day, until your sins are all washed, and you are sure that God has blessed you,—live for Heaven only, and after a few years of toil and pain, I trust you and I and all of us may meet around God's throne, never to part again ;—shut in with Christ forever, we

will spend together the long ages of eternity,—farewell! I pray to God to spare me to see you all again,—but still, not my will, but His be done. It appears from my regular decline that hope is past,—and so I say to you and Mrs. G. and the dear children, farewell for this world,—in the next may we have a blessed meeting,—farewell! God prosper you and prepare you for heaven, is my prayer,—farewell!

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES DE VEAUX.

Farewell till heaven unites us, which God in His mercy grant!—I have received the sacrament from the hands of Rev. Mr. Storrs, of New York. Mr. Huntingdon and his wife, and Mr. Chambers assisted. Farewell!"

The following from Mr. Chambers was not long ere it arrived, and gives the closing scene of the labours and sufferings and heavenly hopes of James De Veaux:

"ROME, May 4, 1844.

Dear Sir: At length I have the sad intelligence to communicate of our dear friend Mr. De Veaux's death, which occurred at five o'clock on Sabbath morning last, April 28th. On Saturday he had been suffering in the morning, but towards noon grew

easier,—this continued all the afternoon,—at sunset I left him sleeping. I left him supposing he might perhaps have many days of suffering yet to pass through, as his strength at times appeared considerable. He continued quiet until an hour after midnight, when he began to breathe with difficulty,—this continued to increase, and at two in the morning he sent for me. I went immediately, and found him suffering not only with a stoppage in his chest, but also with a sharp pain near his left arm pit and between his shoulders,—it was very violent, and he begged me to do something for his relief. I tried to calm him and soothe his mind, saying it would soon grow easier,—he frequently had before had such attacks, though not so violent. The thought of his dying immediately did not occur to me, having never witnessed a death bed in my life before. After sitting by his bedside an hour, during which time he had grown much quieter, and dozed occasionally, I left the seat and tried to sleep a little, but could not; —his breathing continued difficult and quick; occasionally he spoke to the nurse in his usual tone of voice, asking for water, etc. Between four and five she went to the window, and he observing the day breaking, told her to open the shutter wide;—this all passed whilst I was sitting at a little distance from him. After some time I heard his breathing become more regular, not so quick, and soon after slower. I

rose to go to his bedside, but the servant told me to keep quiet, lest I should disturb him,—however I went merely to glance at him. As I stood looking at him, apparently sleeping, I remarked the perspiration on his forehead, and on applying my hand found it chilly,—it was the damp of death! I quickly felt his hands and pulse,—the latter was just expiring,—he gave one long breath,—we both were startled, the servant saying, 'Grazia a Dio, adesso sta in Paradiso.' Thank God! he is now in Heaven!

So finished the course of our dear friend,—he seemed to have suffered no pain for an hour or more before his death, but peacefully breathed his last. I am rejoiced that he sent for me, and that I had the opportunity of being with him in his last moments. That he is gone to be with his God and his Saviour forever and ever, is our full hope. It was his expectation as he clearly stated in his conversation with the English minister, the day before his death. This hope came to him not suddenly, but after many long days of anxiety and regret for his past life of neglect of God, as he himself expressed. The entire week before his death, he looked for it constantly, saying to me frequently as I entered his chamber in the morning, 'well my dear C——, I had hoped this morning to have been in heaven,'—his thoughts and conversation were almost entirely on these subjects, the fear of death being quite taken away. This it

was that enabled me to see him die, and scarcely wish to call him back, had it been in my power. I had seen him go through so much suffering, and could only look on death as a welcome release from all his woes; but independently of that, his perfect readiness to go and preparation for it, could we call him back to our world of sin and temptation? True, we (his fellow artists here,) have sustained a heavy loss, all feel it, no one I can say truly was more universally loved and respected than Mr. De Veaux,—but our loss can be nothing in comparison with that of his his friends and relatives at home,—with his poor mother I do sympathize most sincerely,—but her loss has been his gain, yes, his eternal gain!

A few days before his death, an American sculptor, Mr. H. K. Brown, modelled Mr. D's. profile in clay, and made a cast of it. It was executed under the greatest disadvantages of his illness and emaciation, but is very like him. Mr. De Veaux was much interested in it while it was going on, and he told me I should let you know if it was good. It will be cut on his tombstone, as is frequently done here."

Subsequently to his death, at my request, Mr. Brown modelled his features anew for a Bust to be executed in marble. This he has done successfully, and the Bust has arrived safely at its destination.

The marble is almost faultless,—the mechanical

execution skilful, and the likeness cannot be mistaken by any of his acquaintances. There is in it an air of classic elegance that adds greatly to the expression of his fine Grecian features, and as a specimen of sculpture, it would grace any gallery. Mr. Brown is a man of rare genius, who is just appearing above the horizon of American art. His "*David returning from battle triumphant*," "*Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz*," and "*A boy and a dog*," have attracted much attention in Rome, and placed him in the front rank with the sculptors of the day. His Bust of De Veaux is a superb specimen of his ability and taste.

From the intimate friend and companion of De Veax, who was with him during his residence in Florence and Venice, and part of the time in Rome, Mr. Thomas P. Rossiter, I have received a graphic and full memorial of his friendship. The poetic language and spirited style of this sketch by the pen of a brother artist claim for it an insertion here, —and although there is necessarily some repetition of incidents previously noticed, still its truthful view of the character of De Veaux,* and the just estimate of his genius and feelings, which Mr. R. had the

* In the spring of 1844, the National Academy of Design of New York, conferred on De Veaux the honor of membership, which they had previously accorded to Fraser, White and Cogdell, of South Carolina. It would have been highly gratifying to him to have heard of the compliment, but his days had been numbered before the information reached Rome.

opportunity of forming, renders it more worthy of preservation. I might well have abbreviated my own narrative, and trusted the latter portion of it to this tribute of a congenial spirit to departed worth.

"Rome, Nov. —, 1844.

'My Dear Sir:—At the solicitation of Mr. Chambers, I am induced to address you in relation to a departed and deeply deplored friend, Mr. De Veaux; contributing as far as it is in my power such intelligence to yourself and his many bereaved friends at home, as came under my observation during the latter part of his residence in Europe, or more properly speaking, the period of his sojourn in Italy. Often in the progress of his last illness, I volunteered to communicate with his connexions in America, but the kindness and watchfulness of Mr. Chambers, with the frequent advices he sent yourself, of his disease, rendered any additional expressions of his situation on my part superfluous.

After his decease however, I proposed to myself with mournful pleasure the task of writing a sketch of that portion of the life of one, who had become endeared to me by every tie that characterizes a warm intercourse, and the incidents of whose career, the noble qualities of whose heart, and the enthusiasm of whose nature were familiar to me from constant and intimate communion.

As I left Rome two weeks after I had seen his remains consigned to their last abiding place, the interval did not permit me to put my wish into execution,—yet contemplated, when established in the country to draw up a slight testimonial to his memory more at my leisure,—but I found without the aid of my journal and memorandums which I had left behind me, that I should be at a loss for dates and the regular chain of events which seemed necessary. I was therefore compelled, much against my inclination and the desire of Mr. Chambers, to defer writing you until I should be again in Rome.

Once more here, my first pleasure is to send you such an imperfect memoir of our mutually lamented friend, as comes within the limit of my abilities,—trusting it may contribute to enlighten those who mourn his untimely fate, respecting the occupation of his last years. I can but hope that a worthier pen than mine will inscribe his eulogium.

Long before I made the acquaintance of Mr. De Veaux, I had heard him spoken of in the highest terms of consideration and esteem by brother artists and those who knew him in a more social capacity. All were loud in their commendations, but more especially Mr. Healy, with whom he lived on the most intimate terms during his residence at Paris some years since,—and Mr. Sherwood, his state-room companion on his last voyage to Europe. Their

exalted expressions of regard naturally led me to desire the acquaintance of one, who possessed such an array of high and enviable qualities as were conceded to him from every source,—and well did my subsequent knowledge of his character justify the praises that were lavished upon it.

It was on Sunday, the 19th of June, 1842, that I arrived at Florence from Rome, where meeting with my old friend Sherwood, he proposed at once introducing me to Mr. De Veaux. With this object in our view, we were pursuing our course toward his residence in Via Maggia, when we encountered him crossing the Arno on Ponte Trinita. After passing the usual compliments he joined us, and as I was a stranger in the place, proposed with his peculiar urbanity and kindness of manner to shew me the principal features of the city so celebrated for its objects of interest and beauty. His gentlemanly bearing and warm enthusiastic nature impressed me at once, and from that moment we became close and ardent friends. Never shall I forget the delight we experienced as we coursed the narrow and palace lined streets under his guidance, listening to his intelligent descriptions or comments. How, in passing the feudal edifice of a Strozzi, a Ricardi, or a Corsini, his mind deeply imbued with the romantic or poetical character of each, and conversant with their legends, recounted an appropriate passage of their history.

How, treading the sombre aisles of the gigantic Cathedral,—pausing ever and anon before a shrine or sculptured monument, to note the living groups at their devotions, or those hewn vigorously from the marble,—and as perusing the epitaphs to Italia's noble dead, which the sculptured forms illustrated, he pointed to each beauty, and remarked upon their individuality with the feeling of a true artist. How, before the bronze gates of the Baptistry he bid us with him recognize the truth of Michael Angelo's assertion, that "they were even worthy the portals of Paradise;"—how, seated on a stone, the favourite resting place of Dante, he impressed us with a sense of the homage he was disposed to yield to genius under all its modifications,—whether in the poet and his associations with the stone,—the architect Brunelleschi and his connection with the pile that towered far above us, surmounted by the "wondrous dome,"—or Giotto, the painter and author of the lofty Campanile,—the pride of Florence which rises stamped with the more delicate tracery of beauty, emulating the elevation of the soaring dome. How, before each fountain, beneath the loggia of Piazza Vecchio, at each new point of interest in our rambles, he dwelt with the eloquence and enthusiasm of one who appreciated to their full extent the treasures of mind that were so profusely scattered on every hand.

The afternoon was lovely, and having shewn the

most prominent objects, he changed the channel of our thoughts by a stroll along the Arno, where on the quais skirting the river between Ponte Vecchio and Ponte alla Carraja, we found the gay Florentines enjoying their festa promenade. Joining in the crowd we gazed on Italian beauty, and conversing on the characteristics of the people, derived much information from Mr. De Veaux, who had become now in a measure familiar with the habits and customs of the Tuscans, toward whom he inclined as one of a warm and ardent temperament is disposed to feel for those of a like kind and generous nature. During this walk he evinced an artistic love for the clime and attractions of Italy, which led from a congeniality of taste to the forming of a friendship which continued to increase until his death. The next day, calling at his studio, I found him engaged upon his picture of '*Christ administered to by Angels*,' and was highly pleased with the composition,—though at that time he had scarcely more than commenced it. Then it was that he told me of the disappointments he had experienced in not having been able to copy in the Pitti Gallery, as he had anticipated, and the saddening, discouraging effect it had had on him. For months he had been calculating on the advantages he should derive from studying and copying the works in this renowned collection,—but the morning of his arrival, on selecting the pictures that he most

wished to execute for his friends in America, he was told that it was impossible to procure an admission for six or eight months, and possibly not before a year, as there were many applicants and the number limited. Unprepared for such an obstacle to his plans, the disappointment was so great to his susceptible nature that it depressed and dispirited him to such a degree, as to prevent him from adopting any settled course for a long time. Being unable to copy and not feeling sufficient confidence in himself to attempt an original composition without more preparatory study, he was for a season undetermined as to the plan best for him to pursue. At last however, he resolved, after having made two copies of heads in the Ufizi Gallery, to attempt the subject he had long had in his mind, of the Saviour ministered to after his temptation. It was a bold effort for one who had possessed so few opportunities for studying composition, and in the whole range of the New Testament there is scarcely a subject that requires as delicate treatment as this,—or one that embraces so much exquisite poetry. His illustration of the text therefore was considered highly praiseworthy by his brother artists, while the sentiment of some of the heads and figures displayed a pathos of feeling and gentleness of thought that argued well for his future productions, when time should have matured his taste, and given precision to his pencil.

Upon this composition he labored during most of the summer, interrupted occasionally by times devoted to making studies and sketches from the abundant material Florence and its environs afford for the port-folio, that magazine from whence the artist draws the elements of his compositions. But while he was thus giving pleasure and gratification to his friends, by his labors in the studio, it was when away from the palette and easel, that his high qualities of heart, the nobleness of his nature, and his lofty tone of honor, which endeared him to all who knew him, were shewn. Among his countrymen and English acquaintances, he was known as 'the noble fellow De Veaux,' and from the Italians and others, he received the epithet of '*il Grazioso Americano.*' Those only however, who have been his companion in the lengthened walk, or oft repeated tete-a-tete, could appreciate him,—for although kind and courteous to all,—yet with a few only, was he on those terms of close intimacy which show the depths of character,—the lights, shadows and gradations of disposition. Fortunate do I consider myself, for having been one of that number, and grateful am I for many of the precepts and lessons he taught me. In our first rambles about the city, we endeavored to seek out and visit the studios of the native and foreign artists, resident at Florence, and in each he displayed that just criticism, that willingness to ac-

knowledge merit and excellence, however humble, —that appreciation of each man's abilities, which shewed his mind to be far above those jealousies and conventionalities, which too often accompany the profession. After visiting the more eminent artists, and contemplating the great works that filled their studios, he would return home dissatisfied with his own attempts, and desponding to think that his youth had passed, without having been able to possess the advantages that the students of art in Europe enjoy,— and that so many years of his life had flown without his having accomplished more. It was in vain that his friends endeavoured to cheer him,—he would exclaim,—'oh give me back my youth again,'—I see what I require, but the boy should commence a profession like ours. Still these seasons of depression had a salutary effect upon him, for they led him to renewed exertions and spurred him to the attainment of a high position in Art at home.

Shortly after my arrival in Florence, Mr. De Veaux, G. L. Brown, the landscape painter and myself met alternately at each other's rooms, once a week, for the purpose of sketching. This agreeable re-union continued during the summer, and happily did the evenings pass, as round the well lighted table the time glided away, as we illustrated some subject proposed in sitting down,—conversing the while on art and its connections. Here I learned more of

De Veaux's ideas on art, and found them high and liberal in the extreme. His great desire was to have a school in America that should be exclusively national, and longed for the day when it should rival those of Europe for design, character and importance. Like a true artist, he wished to see the prominent points of our history illustrated by competent artists, and was looking forward to the day, when he could contribute toward so glorious an achievment.

Next to high historic painting he was fond of subjects that displayed the social virtues, and upon these as initiatory to the more elevated walks he turned his thoughts,—always selecting those of a pure and exalting quality. Alive to the mechanical dexterity of the art, and appreciation of individual nature, no matter how lowly, yet he considered these as subordinate to thought and sentiment, and was willing to forego such excellencies for an intellectual meaning, —or such motives as carried instruction and gratification to the heart, rather than the eye. Having a just appreciation of the poetical capacity of art, legends and those more mystical texts of Scripture that permitted a full embodiment of the artist's thoughts, delighted him more than simple narrative, though such subjects, even if the text was pure and touching, had for him an inexpressible charm. In thought therefore, he was a poetic artist, and had he lived, would have carried the tender sentiment of his

own character into all his works. His love for Italy and its artistic advantages wedded him to this genial clime, rendering him enthusiastic upon all its associations. Taking up his first residence at Florence, his mind became imbued with the works of the earlier masters of that school, which he studied with feeling and discretion. Drawing from the same sources as Raffaele and Michael Angelo, in the fresco and chaste designs of Massaccio and Angelico Fiesole, he felt that at last he was in the right path of study. Thus in contemplating these venerable masters, he trusted time would mature the principles he was drawing from so pure a fountain. The intimate connexion between the revivers and perfecters of art and Florence, gave the city to his mind almost as much charm as Mecca to the devout mussulman, and at any time through her Piazzas, or along her streets he felt still the pervading vivifying genius of Giotto, Donnatelli, M. Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, their worthy cotemporaries and followers. Now an antiquated cloister would arrest his steps, and for hours he would gaze at the half obliterated frescoes that adorned its walls. Now straying into a venerable church, he would make pause after pause before some glowing canvass that led the soul to heaven, or a powerfully wrought group called into existence by the men who had been his early divinities, long before he had crossed the Atlantic. At another time, he would

stand to contemplate the architect's skill in rearing the proud piles that every where surrounded him,—or in the public garden of the Boboli and Cascina, give vent to ejaculations of praise, at the refining intellectual spirit that pervaded every nook and corner of the fair land.

With an eye for the beautiful, no spot was indifferent to him, and a place so teeming with historical incidents gave at all times food to his reflecting mind.

After the labours of the day, or on a Sunday afternoon, he was ever proposing a stroll through the city, or to some favourite point in the environs. At one time we would wend our way through the beautiful grounds of the Pitti palace, halting at every few steps, to gaze along a rich vista of statue-lined paths with fountains at different intervals sparkling merrily in the sun,—or a group of children frolicking in glee beneath the shade of cypress and pine,—each turn presenting a new picture of elegance and refinement. At another, we would climb to the heights of San Miniato, and stretched upon the grass, peer on the luxuriant Val d'Arno till the eye, fatigued by distance, rested on the bold peaks of the Carraras, bounding the western horizon,—or dwell with renewed charm after every visit, upon the domes and towers beneath us, that mark the sites where reposed the treasures of Florence. Again, and we saw the sun decline from the heights of Fiesole or Belle Guardia, with

the fervour and brilliancy known only in this land; and at each locality he would give way to an enthusiasm such as none but an artist could manifest before another,—an enthusiasm prompted by the effervescense of a highly poetic temperament.

I was fortunate in procuring rooms on the Arno, with a large balcony overhanging the river, and here, during the long summer twilights and balmy evenings, it was his delight to come and converse upon art and the associations with Florence, and the poetry of existence in such a land,—or sit musingly and gaze into the western sky as the gloamin set in,—speculating upon the spiritual essences of being,—seeking as it were to derive a solution to his conjectures in each star that came up in the track of day to take its place in the darkening firmament. The evening hues of light,—the shades of evening falling over the city and distant mountains,—the sweeping of the river's tide to the ocean,—the gay song of the Florentines sweeping here and there on the breeze,—the solemn tones of the vesper bells chiming from many a dome or convent tower,—all had a voice and meaning to him. Now, awakening a pleasing train of reflection,—now, weighing on his spirits with a despondency it was difficult for him to shake off. On these evenings, to me full of delightful reminiscences, he would recur to the scenes of his earlier youth, and the many warm and devoted

friends he had left in America,—then would he weave bright schemes for the future, in which those he separated himself from in his native land were to be partakers,—and he dwelt on his sojourn in Italy,—though surrounded with every thing to fascinate and charm the artist, as only a self-exilement from those endearing sympathies of the heart,—that yearning solicitude for those bound to us by long and strongly woven ties of affection and blood which is the summing up of the happiness of existence.

In recounting the incidents of his earlier years, he would fall into a melancholy mood, especially when dwelling upon his mother and family, to whom never was son more attached ;—and it was only by presenting the ambitious and calculating reasons for the necessity of a residence in a strange land in their most attractive hues, that his depressed spirits could be wrought upon to assume their wonted lightness. One of the great atoning features to living in Italy, and depriving himself of the tender communings of home friends, was the higher appreciation of artistic talent here than in America, and the consequent respect paid to the profession, whereas, beyond the Atlantic, his sensitiveness was constantly experiencing wounds and mortifications,—here he felt a confidence in his position as an artist, and proud of an occupation considered as next to divine,—capable of so much that is enlightening, elevating and refining,

and numbering so many lofty intellects among its professors. This, therefore, was the chief compensation for denying himself the comforts of the social circle at home, and the enjoyment of the warm quiet hearths of his devoted friends.

Occupied with his pictures through the long summer's day, he cared little for making acquaintances, —in fact rather shunned forming a large circle,— which would only consume his time without yielding an equivalent. He therefore sought out and associated with but three or four choice spirits, who could sympathize and feel with him, whether for sadness or for mirth. Among those, the lamented Clevenger and Mr. Brown were his favourites, though with his countrymen and brother artists at Florence, he was at all times on cordial terms.

Thus passed the warm months until October, when a pedestrian excursion into the Appenines was proposed, and a small party formed, consisting of Mr. S——, from Virginia, Mr. M——, from Boston, Mr. De Veaux and myself,—all beginners in art and desirous of worshipping at the shrine of nature, remote from cities' haunts. With light hearts and joyous spirits we shouldered our knapsacks and portfolios,— bade a brief adieu to Florence and commenced our tour by following the course of the Arno towards its source.

For a day or two we loitered along the valley,

making sketches and memorandums of the scenery,—then clambered the mountains to the convent of *Vallambrosa*, where we remained two or three days,—studying the broad landscape that lay spread like a map beneath us,—adding to our stock of drawings from the wild rocks and glens in the immediate vicinity of the convent, and partaking the cheer of the hospitable monks.

From this we crossed a lofty range of the Apennines, and descended to the valley of the Arno again, halting at night at a small hamlet by the way side. The next morning we resumed our route, and notwithstanding a drenching rain had set in, we continued our way across the country, nothing daunted by the obstacles we encountered in our blind path,—for in our enthusiastic mood, no undertaking seemed too formidable for novices in search of the picturesque and beautiful.

With spirits, as quiet people would say, strongly tinctured by the romantic, we went singing on our way, waking the echoes of the frowning Appennines with songs and choruses we had heard, along the wild track we were passing over. After climbing ruins, crossing brooks, and being carried over a wide rapid stream on the back of a modern Hercules,—we found ourselves toward the close of the day at the foot of the mountain on which the Convent of *La Verna* is situated. Although we had been walking

since early morning the convent whither we tended was still five miles distant, but with stout hearts we commenced the ascent and ere long were enveloped in clouds which saturated the few dry threads we had remaining. Still we kept our spirits up,—we sang our ditties,—and thus at night-fall reached with glad hearts and weary limbs the Convent. Ere long and the kind monks had a roaring fire in the wide arched hall, and a supper table spread before it worthy a king. Never was any thing more acceptable, and none among the party enjoyed as much as De Veaux the termination of the day, and the quaintness of our position sheltered from the storms without, on a high peak of the Appennines buried amid clouds,—in a word within the Convent of La Verna! After the bountiful supper we were honoured by a visit from the father of the Convent, who conversed long upon the history and legends of the place, and the character of its founder St. Francis. On learning that we were Americans, he manifested great interest and curiosity,—never having seen but two or three of our countrymen before, though with the state of our country and its institutions he was intimately acquainted. Retiring he bade us make the Convent our home as long as it pleased us to remain. The next day, as it was Sunday, and the weather stormy, we confined ourselves within doors, conversing with such of the monks as favoured us

with a visit, who impressed us deeply with the simplicity of their characters and the pureness of their minds.

On the following morning not a vapour was to be seen,—and on going out we found ourselves surrounded by some of the most stupendous scenery Italy can boast of. On the summit of the mountain a circular palisade of perpendicular rocks rises,—varying from five to twelve hundred feet, embracing a circuit of a mile,—on this elevation the Convent is placed,—surrounded by the most wild and sublime combinations of rocks, caverns and gigantic trees imaginable, and embracing as you walk around the edge of the palisades, views of the mountains and plains of Italy extending from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic.

Here then was a spot for a mind like De Veaux's to feast itself,—accordingly we remained, enchanted and exhilarated beyond expression for three or four days, visiting among other things with artistic veneration the ruined castle of Cusii where Michael Angelo was born. It was with pain we parted from the benevolent monks, who had lavished so much kindness and attention upon us;—while poor De Veaux could talk of nothing else for miles after we had left them, but their disinterested civilities,—their warm natures.

After two or three days farther wandering we

were compelled to return to Florence, owing to the lateness of the season, though we did so with great reluctance. I am induced thus to particularize this jaunt, as it made so great an impression on De Veaux, that until his death, he never ceased to speak of it but with the most lively pleasure, always contemplating a return to the sanctuaries of Vallambrosa and La Verna.

Again in Florence, and he applied himself closely to his picture,—but having given up his studio, he worked at my rooms until October 26th, when he packed and accompanied it to Leghorn,—from whence he returned in a few days, and commenced a series of costume drawings from the cloisters until November 10th. Then he was interrupted for a few days by a cold, from which he probably never recovered entirely,—though he recommenced his labours at the cloisters until the 22d, on which day we started for Rome by Vetturino, and notwithstanding the exceedingly disagreeable weather that followed us nearly to this city, De Veaux was in high glee and the life of our party.

At Siena and Viterbo we saw all worthy of note; and along the whole route, dwelt upon the themes each few miles awaken in the student travelling in Italy. The sites of battle grounds, where the freedom or thraldom of the republic's cities were decided; Feudal castles here and there with their associations

of violence,—the haunts of modern banditti. The pestiferous lake of Bolsena, and as we approached the Eternal city the frequent localities that carried thought back to the earlier incidents of history, and events with more extensive connections,—furnished never ending subjects of discourse.

Thus we journeyed, and on the fifth night slept within fifteen miles of Rome. The next day proving cloudless, awakened, from the near proximity to the city of the soul, all the latent enthusiasm of our fellow passengers. Excitement and joy pervaded every breast except that of poor De Veaux. In vain I endeavoured to rally him,—and as we gained some eminence, pointed out the boundaries of the wide spread and deserted Campagna,—the Sabine mountains soaring into the clear blue sky,—the Alban hills,—the far off Mediterranean,—the ruined towers dotting the broad plain,—the sites of Veii,—all illumined by the morning sun. And, when nearer we caught our first glimpse of the Dome of St. Peters, I gave the accustomed shout of '*Eco Roma!*' and directed his attention to the seven hills and their enduring structures,—he exclaimed, 'my dear fellow, 'tis useless,—would to God I could feel as you do, but it is now too late. My eyes should have beheld this years ago, when the warm springs of my being were flowing freely,—when I had the energy of younger years to battle with what those walls con-

tain,—when I knew no bounds to my ambition, and no undertaking was too great for me,—then I should have hailed Rome with extacy, but now, when I look at the years devoted to a wrong channel of study, and contemplate what there is to be accomplished by me in our profession,—it strikes a chill to my heart that nothing can dispel, and the sight of Rome only aggravates. What is yon soaring dome to me, and the poetry of this widely extended landscape now? I tell you it is too late.'

In vain I reasoned with him against giving way to such morbid feelings,—in vain by every power of persuasion, I endeavoured to shake the gloom from his spirits, and bade him draw his augury for the future from the brightness of the day which ushered him to the Eternal city,—but no,—his mind took the hue of desolation around him, and he found the type of his own sad thoughts whichever way he turned his eyes. My appeals were therefore idle, and it was not until after we had left the country and whirled through the Porta del Popolo, exchanging instantaneously the somberness of the Campagna for the bustle and gaiety of the lively Piazza,—startled by the transition from a dead world to a space teeming with life on every side, in the equipages dashing up and down the Pincean promenade, or past him into the gardens of the Borghese,—he ran his eye up the long vista of the Corso lined with lofty palaces,—

saw the statues reposing, and fountains sparkling in the sun,—glanced at the pointed obelisks, the churches, hotels and cypresses encircling the Piazza,—that he became himself once more, exclaiming 'and this then is *Rome*.' In spite of himself, the cloud was gone from his mind, and he could not but fain acknowledge the power of the noontide scene, so full of interest and beauty. The prepossession was fortunate and favourable beyond his expectations,—from that moment Florence was forgotten, and he became wedded to Rome by a more lofty and intense feeling. Independently of its artistic attractions, he loved it for all its exalted associations and soul imposing treasures, with an affection that grew upon him more and more every day, until he would say, 'would that my American friends were all here, to participate with me in the enjoyment of this choice spot of the earth!'

He immediately took lodgings in Via Rassella, and in a few days had his plans laid for the winter, which were to copy two or three pictures for those friends at home who had commissioned him, then turn his attention to original works. Upon going the rounds of the galleries and churches, and beholding the immense collections of high works of art, that at every step arrested his attention, he became desponding again, exclaiming,—'how useless to attempt anything when such master productions are staring and mock-

ing scornfully at your feeble efforts. I endeavoured to encourage him by citing the self-humiliating impression Rome had produced on all foreign artists, from Reynolds to the comer of yesterday, and led him to contemplate other things, such as the Coliseum, the Forums, Pantheon, &c. These and the other prominent objects of interest, occupied and delighted him for a few days. At St. Peters' he gazed reverentially, seeming as though he would never finish studying its materials and dimensions. Having satisfied his curiosity with the localities of Rome, the desire for labor returned strong again, and we looked through the galleries of the different palaces, with the object of selecting something to copy. At the Corsini palace he found two or three compositions that pleased him, but on enquiry, learned that the difficulties of procuring admission to copy were nearly as great as at Florence, the same result attended his efforts at the Vatican, and he again began to censure his ill luck, and despair of attaining his purposes. I insisted on his accompanying me to other galleries, till at last, after much consideration and some detention, he determined to copy '*Rebecca at the Fountain*,' in the Colonna Palace. The permission once obtained, he worked steadily at this copy for one or two months, setting apart an afternoon in each week for visiting the halls of the Vatican, Capitol, or Sistine Chapel.

Through the kindness and liberality of some American gentlemen, a fund had been raised to form an American drawing academy, for the benefit of American students at Rome, and intended to be the nucleus of an institution that should afford permanent advantages to all our young countrymen visiting Italy with the purpose of studying art, but by mismanagement, the intention of the founders was thwarted, and after the second winter the embryo academy ceased to exist. None of the students however, valued the advantages and opportunities for studying under a competent master of drawing more than De Veaux, and during the whole season, never missed a night unless by illness. Here he much improved himself, and was loud in his praise of those who regarded art with such interest, as to propose a gratuitous academy, with advantages superior to the other national institutions at Rome, and deplored its extinction as a universal loss to American artists coming abroad.

Constantly occupied, the winter passed rapidly, and with a better acquaintance he became more and more attached to Rome. He liked the reunion of his brother artists, both countrymen and foreigners, forming that republic of art, which is known only at this its great treasury, and whose place of assembly, discussion and council is the Café Greco. He liked the feasts that a stroll at any time brought his

mind,—loved the poetry of association, that wraps every thing within the circumference of the seven hills, and he delighted in the mild genial climate.

During the carnival, he was the life of the American revellers, and enjoyed the pleasantries of the season with infinite relish. My rooms being on the Corso that winter, they were the rendezvous and attiring place for many of the young men, and here to the great merriment of those assembled, his humor displayed itself in the character of a portly planter, a facetious negro, or a genuine Jonathan, before personifying those characters in the crowded streets. The Americans at the Carnival that year, will long remember 'de ole nigger what come to see how de berry young missus do, and spell dere mammas a long piece of adwice as to de excrutiating manner dey was to bring 'em up.'

The Carnival past, and having finished his copy, he took a studio in the Via Olmo near *St. Maria Maggiore*, and commenced his composition of the Brigand about the first of March. At this he worked assiduously, until spring was far advanced, though never pleasing himself.

When coming to Rome in the autumn, Mr. De Veaux and myself had laid our plans to visit Naples together in the spring, making a pedestrian excursion through the Abruzzi, and from thence to proceed to Venice and make a few copies,—then return to Rome

again for the ensuing winter; but as the season advanced, and he progressed with his picture so little to his satisfaction, and being determined not to send home careless works, he began to entertain fears that he should not be able to leave until the middle of summer. I accordingly made my arrangements at his request to start without him, and on the 20th of May proceeded into the Abruzzi with Mr. L——, a brother artist.

As soon as we were established in the 'city of the sea,' I wrote for Mr. De Veaux to come on and join us, representing the advantages he would enjoy for copying, the charms of the city,—in truth proffering all the inducements in my power for him to hasten from the heats of Rome and meet me at Venice. The letter he wrote in answer to my request, is full of joyous anticipations,—as here he thought he might be able to execute his remaining commissions, and then study in the manner he had long proposed to himself.

As soon as his pictures were completed, he left Rome and travelled with all diligence to Venice. Pausing a day or two at Florence, and one day at Bologna, he arrived on the 15th of July,—and as I had engaged rooms in the Palazzo Quirini, where Mr. L. and myself were living, he at once felt himself at home, and anxious to commence his studies. Our location was delightful for an artist, being in a

palace on the Grand Canal, adjoining the Academy of Fine Arts, and having the first floor to ourselves, we were as independent as nabobs and happy as the day was long. The wide apartments, the bustle of the Grand Canal, with its barges and gondolas gliding beneath our windows,—the sumptuous piles of architecture rising around us,—the refreshing sea breezes tempering the summer's atmosphere, and the close proximity almost under the same roof with the master pieces of Venetian art,—inhaling the spirit of Titian, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto,—what more could an artist desire in the way of his profession and its comforts? To De Veaux it seemed a Paradise, and the realization of his youthful dreams. Here, as at Rome, I played his Cicerone, in return for the same office he had bestowed upon me at Florence,—and the day after his arrival being a *festa*, we called the gondola and proceeded across the wide canal of the Giudecca to the church of the Redentore, where high mass was being performed, and whither all Venice was flocking over a bridge of boats temporarily constructed. The beauty of the day, the novelty of the scene, the mysterious motion of the gondola, the gaily dressed dames, awoke all De Veaux's enthusiasm again, and he gave way to his feelings until every eulogistic epithet was exhausted. From this church we rowed to the Cathedral and Piazza of St. Mark, which we visited in turn with

the Ducal Palace, where De Veaux pronounced himself gratified beyond his wildest imaginings, and desirous of seizing the spirit of art while it swayed him so tumultuously.

Accordingly, as Mr. L—— and myself were copying in the church of *St. Sebastian* during the recess of the Academy, he selected the altar picture as the most appropriate subject for one of his commissions, and commenced at once his labours in unison with us. And for many a long day, how happy were we together over the tomb of Paul Veronese, who is buried in the church which he decorated with the finest specimens of his pencil, insomuch that the whole edifice may be called his Mausoleum.

Here then would we repair after our social breakfast at seven, and continue unremittingly in our painting until six p. m., when we returned home and dined in the wide hall of the Palace, which would ring again with our mirth and enjoyment. After this meal the chairs would be transported to the balcony overhanging the grand canal, and here, while smoking our cigars, would we watch the throng of gondolas filled with the beauty of Venice,—the rays of the declining sun, as they illumined the fairy piles of Madonna Saluta, or lit the stained and time-worn palaces of the Foscari, Moncerrigo and Contarini,—and speculate upon the proud histories till evening came on. Then a row in the gondola, or a stroll

through the Piazza, enlivened by the witching strains of music from a German band, or the fair Venetian promenaders, closed the day. But how many days of delightful reminiscence could I recall of our sojourn at Venice,—recollections peculiar to the Queen of the Adriatic,—such as wanderings amid the narrow passages of that ocean city, in search of the picturesque, or works of art in its multitude of churches,—the moonlight sails through the dim canals or in the open lagunes,—and the excursions to the neighbouring islands,—all these to me are connected with poor De Veaux, my constant companion, the sharer of my joys, the reciprocator of my thoughts.

We were all so much occupied there that we had little time to form acquaintances, consequently knew only a few artists who had come from Rome, like ourselves, to make studies;—this kept us so much together, that De Veaux applied to our trio the title of 'council of three.' The many pleasurable excitements incident to a life at Venice,—the comfortableness of our situation, with the constant gaiety and flow of spirits that characterized our intercourse, had a tendency to dispel the melancholy of De Veaux's temperament, and render his seasons of depression more rare than elsewhere. Peculiarly a nature of sympathy, he took the hue of whatever was about him, and here there was seldom occasion for gloom. Still, at intervals he would dwell upon the ills of life

and his own prospects,—but never with more bitterness than on his birth-day, the 6th of September,—then he gave way to a flood of bitter saddening reflections, that all our rallyings could not drive from him. In vain we jested him and proposed his health,—in vain we joked him on his accumulated years and honors. 'My good friends,' he replied, 'this growing old is no theme for mirth,—once I could laugh at time, but as we advance, time laughs at us,—my mood is any thing but joyous.' Little did we think as we strove against the demon that beset him, that the anniversary of his last birth-day was numbered, and that the weight and darkness upon his mind was the shadow of the future, the black presentiment of death! In a day or two he recovered and was himself again, though I find on referring to my Journal, that his thoughts tended often towards his boyhood's home and his friends in America, while his sad moods became now more frequent. I remember, a week or ten days after his birth-day, we went to the Lido, where a *festa* or *Villegiatura* was held every Monday in September by the Venetians, who upon these occasions revive in a measure the festivities for which they were so celebrated. It was on a beautiful afternoon, and on arriving at the island, we amused ourselves by strolling beneath the trees, listening to the music, or watching the groups at their sports, tripping a light measure, singing a chorus

or gazing at a mountebank. The sun sank behind the distant Alps, and for an hour or two we went from tent to tent, and from fire to fire, contemplating the exhilarating scene, and commenting upon the personages and shades of character assembled. As the evening waned, we rowed slowly home in company with many a gondola of revellers, bound toward the city. The lights of Venice came trickling over the waters of the broad lagune,—beyond the moon was declining below the horizon, while behind us the noise and din of the multitude lessened at each stroke of the oar, giving place to songs and choruses that were wafted on the breeze of evening from many a gondola. The sentiment of the scene was impressive,—disposing us all to pensiveness and silence. At last De Veaux broke the channel of our thoughts, exclaiming 'what a night! and is it possible that we must leave all this?—will it not endure forever?—truly 'tis a bitter thought, and at this time is particularly solemn to me, I know not why,'—and in this strain he conversed until we reached the city, giving way to the conviction that death would ere long end all his earthly enjoyment. Though he did not allude to any presentiment of his own approaching end, yet from the peculiar manner in which he spoke, and the sombre tones of his thoughts, I have thought since that there was more in his mind than he cared about acknowledging.

He had not been long at Venice, when we received intelligence of the hopeless illness and afflicting circumstances of Mr. Clevenger. De Veaux was greatly affected by it, and although at that time his purse was limited, yet with his accustomed generosity, he sent to Florence quite an acceptable sum, and until he heard that Mr. Clevenger had sailed for America, the tidings preyed upon him.

His copy being finished, he made a few sketches and painted a portrait of himself,—and then, as the autumn was advancing, he made his plans for leaving. At first I proposed accompanying him to Rome, but found I could not complete the pictures I had commenced until about the 1st of November. De Veaux, however, was anxious to be in Rome, and at work again, having accomplished so little that gratified him at Venice. He accordingly appointed Wednesday, the 18th October, for leaving. I wished him to wait two weeks longer for me, but in vain,—on the day he had proposed, he bade Mr. L—— and myself adieu in the morning, and as we supposed, started,—but a letter arriving from his banker as he was on the point of embarking prevented his going, and a few hours after he walked into the gallery where we were painting, somewhat annoyed at the detention which he regarded as ominous. The next morning, the 19th, however, he left us in a violent storm, and lonely enough did the time pass with us

after his departure. To me it seemed as though all that was joyous in Venice had accompanied him, and our only thoughts now were how long it would be ere we followed.

As we were on the point of leaving, I received a letter from him, dated at Pestoza, and a postscript afterwards added at Florence, wherein he related the misfortune that had befallen him, and how, upon arriving at the frontier of the Papal states, between Modena and Bologna, he had been prohibited passing from not having the signature of the Pope's nuncio at Venice,—consequently was obliged to cross the Appennines by an unfrequented pass into Tuscany. As the route was seldom travelled, he was obliged to take up with a miserable conveyance, and start alone over the mountains. The weather proved boisterous and stormy, and the road almost impassable,—on one day a snow storm raged so violently that he could make but twelve miles, and one of the horses falling down, he was compelled to walk two miles drenched to the skin, and send persons back to assist his Vetturino. At night he was miserably provided, and upon his arrival at Florence, he found himself worn down with fatigue and anxiety, and suffering from a severe cold that had fastened itself upon his constitution. This exposure and cold was the origin of his illness. So much for the passport system. It may be said to have been the cause of

the death of one good fellow, and in doing so has produced more evil than counterbalances all its good.

He wrote me to be particular with regard to my passport at Venice. We followed in the same route, and at Mantua the book appended to the passport containing all my signatures was lost at the police station, and as we left before light, it was not missed until we reached the frontier,—then here was a dilemma for me precisely similar to that of poor De Veaux,—with the conviction of what I was to suffer, in crossing the mountains, from his experience. At Parma and Modena, as the loss was acknowledged by the frontier of Lombardy, I endeavoured to procure a permission to pass into the States of the Church, but in vain. At Mantua I discovered fortunately on the back of the passport, a signature of the Pope's nuncio at Paris, dated October, 1841, two years previously, and as the time was such as to warrant my having come from Paris, I took the liberty of altering the one into a three, and thus saved myself from following in the steps of De Veaux,—though not having had the signature of the Venice nuncio caused me much difficulty, and at Bologna they would only permit me to pass out of the States of the Church again. I mention this circumstance as rather a singular coincidence, and the different results that at times follow from the like causes.

After pausing only a day or two at Florence,

Mr. De Veaux accompanied Mr. Chambers to Rome; though on leaving Venice he had proposed remaining long enough at Florence to copy a picture;—but he found on reaching there that the picture he wished was engaged by another artist,—consequently he hastened to the Eternal city, by *diligence*. On his passage he complained of a pain in his side, but thought it nothing serious. Arriving at Rome, he employed himself for a number of days in looking for a studio, and as the weather was rainy and the streets wet, he took an addition to his cold which increased the pain in his breast and side,—thus he allowed it to linger on without consulting a physician, as his friends advised him.

On the 2d. December, I again took up my quarters here, and the first person who welcomed me was De Veaux,—he had that day found a studio in Piazza Barberini, and I went into the rooms he was leaving. When he alluded to his cold I begged him to consult a physician immediately, but he commenced painting without doing so, and we saw each other only at dinner. On the next Saturday evening, I was told by a friend that De Veaux had just had an attack of spitting of blood,—I could scarcely credit it, but hastened to his rooms and found him sitting at a table writing without a fire. He alluded to the attack, thought it came from his stomach and was slight. I censured him for not being more prudent, and in-

sisted upon his going immediately to bed,—and promised to see him in the morning, and apply some leeches that had been prescribed for him. The next morning on entering the room, I found Mr. Chambers there before me, and Mr. De Veaux pacing backward and forward spitting blood here and there in a highly excited state. He had just been attacked a second time,—Mr. C. went instantly for the Doctor, while I endeavoured to calm him and get him to bed. For ten days Mr. Chambers and myself watched with him alternately day and night. A good nurse was then procured, and during his illness I saw him once or twice nearly every day. My engagements would not permit me to be in such constant attendance as Mr. Chambers, to whom the highest praise is due for his unceasing devotion during all his long and painful illness. No brother could have performed the kind offices with more real and deep-felt interest, while his fervent religious character was a great source of consolation to the suffering invalid. Previously to his confinement he commenced a small costume picture, and a composition of Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness, which however he had but just begun to paint upon when he was so fatally seized.

As Mr. Chambers notified you from time to time of the progress of his disease, and the happy state of his mind towards its close, it will be useless for me to recount the weary months that passed,—the en-

couragement of himself and friends that he would recover,—with the hopes and plans for the future,—the subsequent despair, and final resignation to the decrees of our All-wise Creator. To his friends in America however, it will be a great gratification to know that during the whole of his sickness, every care and attention was paid him by numerous friends, who were ever solicitous to administer to his necessities.

His sad state threw a gloom over the spirits of all his brother artists, by whom he was universally beloved, and the first salutation at meeting was,—how is poor De Veaux?—is there any thing encouraging?

About the first of March he was removed into Via Baberino, a more central situation. Here he first learned that there was no hope for his recovery,—and all his thoughts were turned toward preparing himself for the last great change. The house in Via Baberino was found to be too noisy for him, and we removed him into Via St. Sebastianella, a small street leading from the Piazza di Spagna;—here he enjoyed quiet and the frequent visits of his friends, and among them two or three clergymen, who became interested in his situation. But he soon became so feeble, that he could converse with them but little. From these apartments he never went out until he was carried to his last abiding place,—but lingered on, taking no heed of the world without, or the

changes of the advancing spring. The fragrance of early flowers,—the singing of the birds had now no charm for him,—his mind was dwelling constantly upon that clime 'where there is no more snow, no scorching noon-tide heat,'—and his fanciful imagery was forming visions of a perfect paradise, pure, unsullied, uncontaminated. His dreams of earthly excellence were blighted,—the yearning and aspirations of early years for a worldly renown, blasted,—the long cherished hopes of his life, dashed out! But with the faith and confidence of a true Christian, he raised himself above the disappointments of this existence, and plumed his pinions for a flight to those happy realms,—where the storms of passion, the struggles against adverse circumstance,—the neglect of worth, and human frailties are unknown.

As his dissolution approached his constant prayer was that God would hasten his end, and not delay the joys that were awaiting him,—though while it pleased his Maker to keep him upon earth, to endow him with patience to bear his chastening rod.—'Purge me, purge me, oh! God, and make me clean,' was ever his prayer and supplication. Thus he lingered on until Saturday night, April 27th, 1844, when he sent for Mr. Chambers at one o'clock, enquired why all his friends were not called, addressed a few words to Mr. Chambers, and at five o'clock, A. M. on Sunday, breathed his last.

On referring to my Journal of that date I find I made the following remarks:

'As the day was dawning he desired the woman to open the blinds and admit more light,—after asking for his friends he became quiet, murmuring to himself from time to time, and the last words Chambers heard him utter, were 'Jesus, blessed Jesus,'—thus his soul winged its way, sounding the watch-word of Heaven,—and his gentle spirit sought that peace for which he had been so ardently praying the last two weeks. It was near day-break when the silver chord was broken, and the early light was stealing as a precursor of the sun, over Monte Trinita, and shedding its faint influence in the room of the sick man. The night taper like the invalid on his couch had sunk to its socket, and the feebleness of both were about to be exchanged for a light unceasing and full of glory. As if to gaze once more upon the blue sky, and recall a lingering thought of earth, the sick man desired the window should be opened;—who can tell the thoughts that rushed through his mind as his feeble vision sought the narrow aperture, and the grey dawn without? From the state of his mind however, we can easily suppose he was thinking of the clime where no night usurped the hues of day, where every thing was fresh as bursting morning,—and with a murmuring prayer to the Great Author of light his freed spirit sped its way from a

frail perishing tenement into the effulgent glory surrounding Jehovah's throne.' * * * *

It was on Monday, April the 29th, that his friends and all the Americans at Rome, assembled to pay the last tribute of regard to all that this world claimed of poor De Veaux. Towards the close of the afternoon the hearse, followed by a line of carriages, took its mournful course through the crowded streets to the Protestant burial ground. The genial temperature of early spring was awakening in the trees, herbage and flowers a renewed existence, reminding us of the new state of being into which our friend had passed,—and after the solemn service of the church had been read over his remains, we consigned them to their narrow house, as the sun was sinking below the Mediterranean horizon. The hour was impressive, and the place where we laid him is fitting for the long sleep of death. About him are the clustering mounds of others of his countrymen, cut off like himself in the pride of their youth or manhood,—fresh flowers were blooming over their graves,—above, the tall cypress and pines moan in the evening wind, and the venerable walls of Rome and the lofty pyramidal mausoleum of Caius Sextus throw their deep shadows over the sacred enclosure. Shelley, Keats, and many a gifted mind from other nations slumber here;—the multitude of the dead, the crumbling mould of centuries, the de-

caying particles of the earliest ages of the world, mingle alone with his dust, and are the only spirits that pervade the spot. Rome with its living pulsations is far removed. And here let him repose,—like the spring and summer flowers that wave over his grave, his memory will ever bloom in the hearts of those who knew him,—who, cut off in the youth of a promising career, left a name for nobleness of character, gentleness of heart, and strength of feeling, more to be envied than the renown of gifted talents alone,—or the proud blazonry of professional elevation.

The pleasurable task I proposed to myself, my dear sir, is finished;—would it were worthier the dear friend whose loss we mourn; but if the perusal of this slight sketch affords his friends at home the gratification I have derived from writing it, my object will have been accomplished. If the materials are of service to you, in your contemplated memoir of our lamented friend, they are entirely at your command, to do with them as you think proper.

With the assurance of the highest esteem and consideration believe me,

My dear sir, most truly yours,

THOMAS P. ROSSITER."

A plain marble slab erected by artist friends, now marks the spot where lie his remains, far from his

home and country. It is placed upright, and under his profile, which is cut in high relief, is the following inscription:

SACRED
To the memory of
JAMES DE VEAUX,
PAINTER,
Who was born in Charleston, S. C., America,
And died in Rome, April 28, 1844,
Aged 31 years and 6 months.
This monument has been erected to the
Deceased by his friends, as a token of their
High regard and esteem
For him.

After what I have already written of the character and course of the subject of these pages, it were needless to review his history. The partiality of friendship may be allowed to say, that his natural talents were of a high order, and his personal qualifications those of a gentleman of noble and refined feelings. To his family, his loss is irreparable,—to his friends who mourn his early fall their privation is a painful one,—to his native State, his premature dissolution is another example of her misfortune in her sons of genius;*—and his country and the Fine

* "South Carolina has had the honor of producing one of our greatest 'lights of fame,' who but recently died at Cambridge, full of years and of honors; and

Arts have cause to lament a worthy and promising Artist, whose aims at high excellence, with genius and judgment and mechanical ability, would have given him a proud position in his profession. His portraits, of which he painted a large number, were remarkable for their truthfulness in likeness, and a gentility which is always pleasing. He was apt to improve upon his subject, but this was Sir Thomas Lawrence's *failing*, which made him so popular.—"The difference between Hogarth and Michael Angelo was in the former representing men as they really are, which gratifies our curiosity, but the latter soothed our pride by lifting them higher and making them better. Raphael shows the perfection of the human form, while Hogarth illustrates its lowest degradation or perversion."* De Veaux was peculiarly happy in giving the characteristic air of his subject, which was a valuable acquirement. Northcote observes of this:

"The greatest history painters have always been able portrait painters. How should a man paint a thing in motion, if he cannot paint it still? But the great point is to catch the prevailing look and character; if you are master of this, you can make what

well might she also mourn the untimely fate of another less fortunate son, cut off prematurely, at the very dawning of his fame, who, had he lived, would have earned a name in the annals of his art as proud as that of Allston; the gifted, generous, lost De Veaux!"—*De Leon's Address.*

* Northcote.

use of it you please. If a portrait has force, it will do for history; and if history is well painted it will do for portrait. If you can give the *look*, you need not fear painting history."

In the only two original compositions which De Veaux has left, "*Christ and the Angels*," and "*The Bandit and Family*," the stories are well told,—the expression of the sentiment is successful, and they are admirable specimens of that fine genius which has passed away in its youth. The bright anticipations of hope, the brilliant prospect of earthly success, the rich rewards of years of toil, the gratification of interested friends, the fond anxiety of the widowed parent in the pride and prop of her declining years, have all been "as a tale that is told." But in the regret of friends, "they sorrow not as those without hope,"—they feel that "he died the death of the righteous," and has changed the aspirations of earth for the gain of Heaven,—the vain glory of the world that passeth away, for that which endureth forever in Eternity. It is a pleasing consolation to them to know that his last end was peace.

"How calm his exit,
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

THE END.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

DEC 1 1 1961

LD-URL APR 1 1 1964

Form L9—15m–10,'48(B1039)444

ND
237
D4963
Gibbes-
Memoirs of
James De Veaux
of Charleston,
S.C.
DEC 1 1 1961

ND
237
D4963